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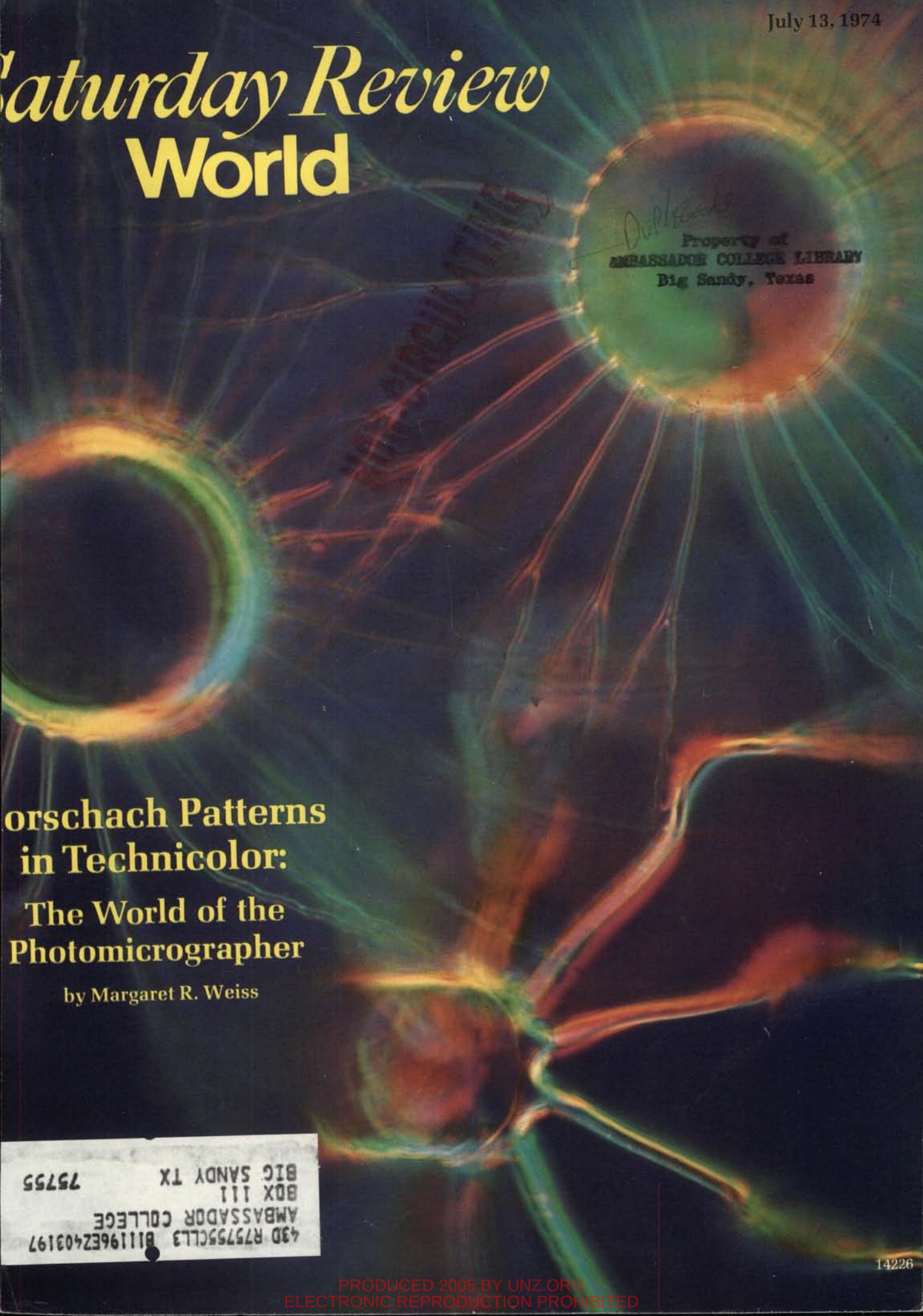

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The World of the Photomicrographer

by Margaret R. Weiss

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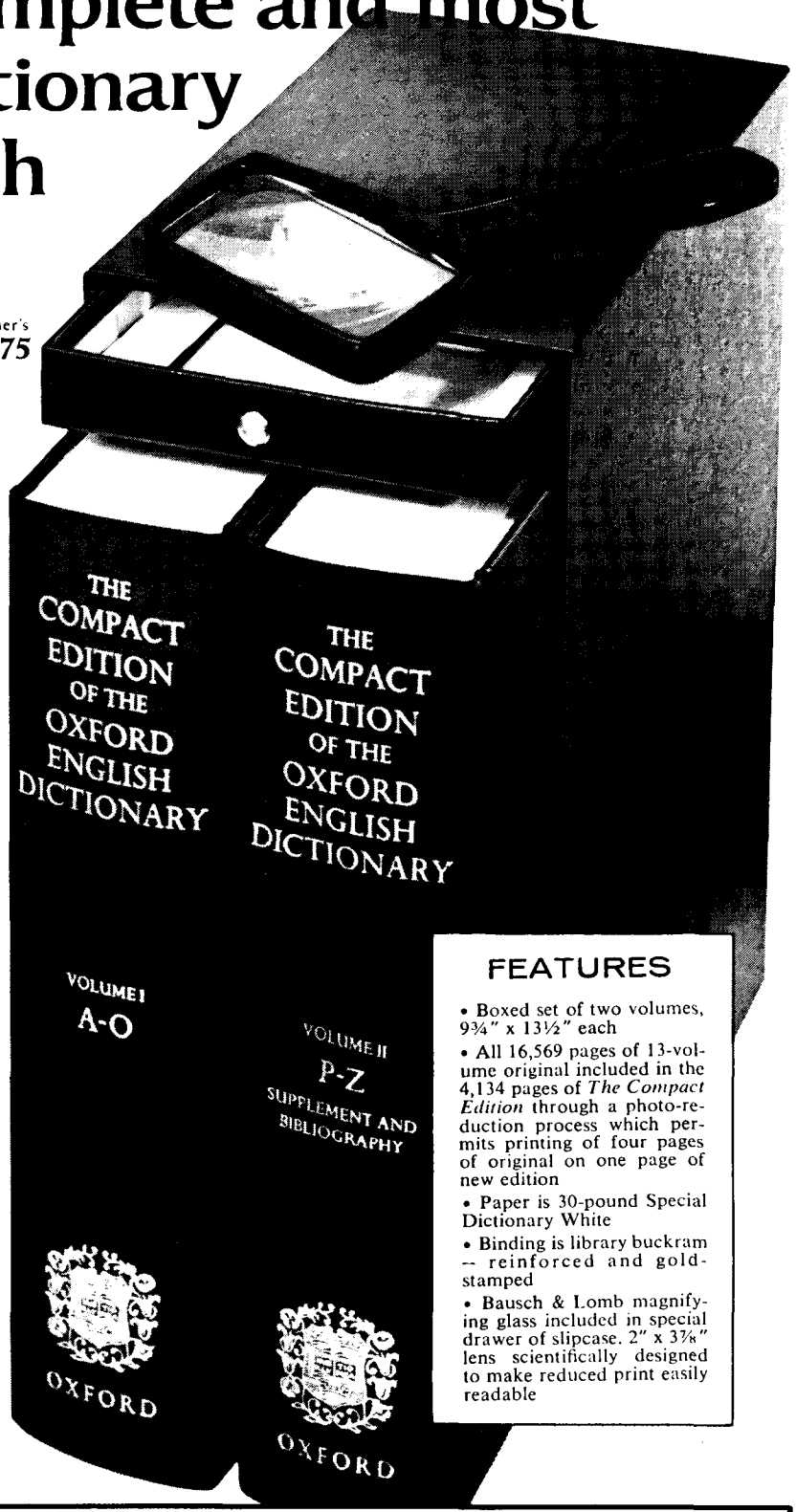
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Page 10

Page 14

Page 20

July 13, 1974

FEATURES

4 Editorial *by N.C.*

5 Letters From Readers

6 SR/W Recommends

7 Report From Stavanger

8 World Progress Report

13 Why Yours Truly? *a poem by R. Buckminster Fuller*

30 Top of My Head *by Goodman Ace*

31 Curmudgeon-at-Large *by Cleveland Amory*

34 Diversions *by Leo Rosten*

35 World Environment Newsletter

37 Manner of Speaking *by John Ciardi*

56 Light Refractions *by Thomas H. Middleton*

ARTICLES

10 The Second French Revolution *by J. Robert Moskin*
A rapid metamorphosis is leading France to the economic pinnacle of Europe.

14 Wordman, Spare That Tree *by Jean Stafford*
The noted novelist discusses fiction, fir trees, and Fu Manchu.

BOOKS

18 All the President's Men *by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward*
Reviewed by John P. Roche

20 Retreat From Love *by Colette*
Reviewed by Charles Lam Markmann

22 Must Encyclopedia Writing Be Stodgy? *by Clifton Fadiman*

28 Books in Brief *by Dorothy Rabinowitz*

29 Trade Winds *by William Cole*

FILM

38 The Thrill of It All *by Hollis Alpert*

PHOTOGRAPHY

39 Strictly for Pleasure *by Margaret R. Weiss*

MUSIC

42 The Ecumenical Ellington *by Irving Kolodin*
Citizen of the World *by Stanley Dance*
A eulogy and a remembrance of an American aristocrat, the "Duke."

TRAVEL

44 China Without a Visa *by Dena Kaye*

THEATER

47 Inside Story *by Henry Hewes*

48 Theater Behind Bars *by Barbara Mackay*

SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT

51 Learning to Play Nature's Game *by Albert Rosenfeld*

52 The New Moon, in the Light of Apollo *by Richard Lewis*

55 Perinatology: New Science of Childbirth *by Saul Kent*

58 The Specter of "Progress" *by Alan Anderson*

GAMESMANSHIP

27 Wit Twister No. 25

37 Literary Crypt No. 14

57 Double-Crostic No. 53

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Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

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120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (**Genesis 1:29**)

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

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The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable . . . and presto! You flip to the page *that gives the remedy recommended!*

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

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The Healing Power of the Patient

The following editorial is adapted from the commencement talk by N. C. at the graduation exercises of the College of Medicine of the University of Oklahoma.

The present national debate over medical care is primarily concerned with availability and cost. An aspect of medical care that ought also to be debated has to do with the doctor himself. What, for example, are the qualities that a doctor should bring to his art?

Sir William Osler, the great Canadian physician-philosopher, advised medical students to be as imperturbable as possible. He thought a doctor should not betray, even by the slightest movement of an eyebrow, any emotion that might alarm his patient. The doctor, he said, should be completely detached and impersonal and never permit himself to become emotionally involved in the welfare of his patient.

What Sir William had in mind, of course, was the danger that a physician might become so caught up in his concern for a patient that he would be incapable of thinking systematically about the case. All this is understandable enough, but I doubt that detachment and objectivity are the qualities most people look for in a doctor.

What they want most, apart from professional expertise, are warm and human qualities. They need to know that their doctor cares. They want him to be as tender as an Irish setter in a nursery. Most people—if only subconsciously—want to be sure that, if they get a sharp pain in the gizzard, or even a mild pain in the neck, the doctor will not suggest through a flat-voiced appointment secretary that he will see them three weeks from Friday.

How important is it, after all, for a doctor to be a caring and compassionate human being? Over the years, the *Saturday Review* has been involved as coordinator of various medical projects abroad. In Biafra, for example, where *SR* administered the Aid to Biafran Children program, our doctors treated thousands of children suffering from near-starvation. The standard treatment was oral or injectable iron. The children—and even their parents—were terrified by the white strangers with their long needles. The doctors who had the best results were those who were warm and compassionate human beings. They knew that the ability of the body to respond affirmatively to medical treatment can be impaired by emotional tension. Hence, before they took out their needles, they tried whenever possible to create a relationship of trust with the children and the parents.

The body will exert all sorts of magic in its own behalf if a person genuinely believes he is going to get well. Consider the phenomenon of the placebo and how it works. The patient does not know h is receiving innocuous "medication," an his mind and body tend to act as thoug real drugs have been administered. Th medical literature abounds with storie of people who recovered swiftly from il nesses after having taken placebos. If doctor gives a patient confidence in certain remedy, there is a strong likel hood that improvement will take place– even if the "medication" is nothing mor than an innocent sugar capsule.

A dramatic example of the placebo i action is offered by New York City dru addicts who thought they were receivin heroin shots but who were actually bein injected with a harmless saline solu tion. The addicts reacted to the salin solution with the same feeling of "satis faction" as they might have had fror heroin—without any of the physiologica penalties. The belief of the patients tha they were being given a narcotic wa strong enough to produce all the symp toms associated with drug addiction.

Still another example: 16 years age medical officials of the National Institut of Geriatrics in Bucharest, Rumania undertook a double-blind experiment i order to test a new drug, similar to pro caine in its chemical composition, de signed to activate the body's endocrin system and thus enhance health and th prospects for increased longevity. A tota of 150 Rumanians, 60 years of age, wh lived under approximately the same vil lage conditions, were divided into thre groups of 50 each. The first group re ceived nothing. The second group re ceived a placebo. The third group wa given regular treatments with the nev drug.

Year by year, all three groups wer carefully observed with respect to mor tality and morbidity. The statistics of th first group conformed with the experi ence of other Rumanian villagers o similar age; the death rate and the evi dence of disease were consistent in every respect. However, the second, or "place bo," group showed a marked improve ment in health and a measurably lowe death rate than did the first group. The third group showed about the same im provement over the placebo group as the placebo group showed over the first What were the physiological pathways that caused an "idea" to be converted into specific organic change for the bet ter?

Other tests involving placebos are equally dramatic. In an American medical school, two groups of students took

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Letters From Readers

ensitive to Change

I feel that the two pieces on trans-xualism ("The Key Question: What re People For?" and "Crossing the Sex arrier," April 20) are the most out-anding of several which have appeared ecently in national magazines. So often, eople writing for the general public fail o comprehend the enormous conflict hat transsexualism presents to the peo-le personally involved. I feel that Albert osenfeld and Donald C. Drake have pproached the subject with a sensitivity o human feelings and that these pieces ill go a long way toward increasing hat understanding which these deserv-ng but suffering people require.

Charles L. Ihlenfeld, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

he Great White Hope

I read with interest Roger M. Wil-ams's article ("America's Black May-rs: Are They Saving the Cities?" May)....

The big cities have been on the de-line for the last 20 years. Their white eaders were either unable or unwilling to reverse the downhill trend, and now that these metropolitan areas are at the brink of total dilapidation, the task of reversing that trend is passed on will-ingly to the black man. If he can save the cities, all Americans benefit; if he cannot, then let history record that ur-ban life hit rock bottom under a black man's administration. . . .

That the black men elected mayors of the six cities discussed are highly ca-pable and committed men is indisputable by virtue of the accomplishments they have already achieved, but a single hu-man's capabilities are frail against in-adequate staff, lack of local monetary support and interest on the part of those who earn their living in the city but do their living in the suburbs. . . .

Anita Hughes
Kansas City, Mo.

Pedagogical Performance

In his article regarding performance-based certification ("Should Teachers Be Judged by Performance?" May 4), Fred M. Hechinger fails to mention the present use of the National Teacher Examination. Some 13 of the nation's 25 largest school districts use this ex-amination, prepared by the Educational Testing Service, for certification pur-poses—in spite of the fact that research shows that there is no significant rela-tionship of any kind between this exami-nation and teaching skill.

The ETS admits that such is the case, yet they continue to sell it, and certain districts continue to buy and use it.

Keith Gregg
Chicago, Ill.

Although I would not discourage re-search on performance-based criteria, I would offer the suggestion that edu-cators make use of department heads and principals to rate the performance of their teachers. The professions of business and education are very similar in that neither is able to describe the ele-ments for its own success, yet business relies on the supervisor to judge the worthiness of each employee. Most schools, I feel, have allowed an erosion in their authoritarian organization to the point that the teacher feels scru-tinized by everyone (school board, super-intendent, principal, parents, students), yet responsible to no one boss. Only one person is in the position to judge a teacher's performance—only one per-son has the multiple inputs necessary to assess the total output of a teacher—and that one person is his (or her) boss, the principal in most cases. This system works in business . . . and it can work in public education, too.

James K. Baker
Columbus, Ind.

Should teachers be judged by their performance? How else? How to do it is the question.

For a teacher's performance is ulti-mately the product of his character, and character cannot be measured by num-bers of any kind. When we reflect on the best teachers we ourselves had, we see that their excellence had little or nothing to do with anything measurable we learned from them. They were not mere mechanical manipulators—skilled in the tricks of the trade. It is not *what* a teacher means, but *how*. . . .

Conner Reed
Seattle, Wash.

art in a placebo experiment. One group vas given blue pills, identified as tran-quilizers; the other, green pills, identified s stimulants. Actually, the pills were harmless placebos. Both groups of stu-lents reacted as though they had actu-lly taken strong drugs. Most students vho had taken the blue pills were lethar-gic and were unable to perform mental luties requiring acuity. Most students vho had taken the green pills were "high" and had no desire for sleep.

A doctor who enjoys the full trust of his patients can activate the body's be-nevolent chemistry in much the same ways as a placebo. Just in the act of re-moving the anxiety of patients and giv-ng them confidence in the recuperative capacity of their own bodies, such a doc-tor can have a therapeutic effect.

Debates over placebos have recurred over the years. Some doctors contend that reliance on placebos may tend to deflect a doctor from the sometimes difficult but always essential search for a precise diagnosis. It is felt that placebos may be regarded too often as a way out. Other doctors who favor the use of pla-cebos contend that their main job is to combat illness and suffering and that, if they can do this job without using potent and risky drugs, they have every obliga-tion to do so.

Meanwhile, no more important need in medicine exists today than for an en-larged understanding of the way the human brain "triggers" profound chemi-cal changes in the body. When medical scientists push forward into these fron-tiers, they may discover that hope and the will to live are aspects of human uniqueness that are the physician's finest aides in administering to human health.

Nothing that we know, or aspire to know, about outer space is as exciting or important to the human future as the exploration of inner space. Being able to break open the atom and peer into the mysteries of matter is not the ultimate triumph of mind. The ultimate triumph of mind is the perception of self.

The will to live, whatever its chemical concomitants, is not readily activated by the aloof and detached clinician. Only a warm and responsive doctor is going to know enough about his patient to get at his will to live and put it to work.

N.C.

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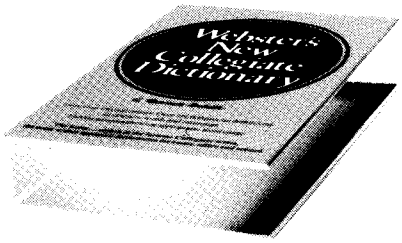

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SR/W Recommends

A brief selection, by the editors, of books, records, and entertainment events of interest to our readers.

BOOKS

The Uneasy Chair by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday). Biography of Bernard DeVoto (second editor of *Saturday Review*) and literary history of three decades.

Working: People Talk About What They Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do by Studs Terkel (Pantheon). A documentary masterpiece by a traditional journalist who knows how to listen.

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek by Annie Dillard (Harper's Magazine Press). Rich ruminations on nature and mini-adventures with birds, beasts, and bugs in Virginia's Roanoke Valley.

Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman by Merle Miller (Berkley Publishing Company). The author's wild about Harry, and you will be, too, in these taped talks with HST.

The Decay of the Angel by Yukio Mishima (Knopf). The culminating volume of death-obsessed Mishima's mystifying tetralogy, *Sea of Fertility*.

Speak for Yourself, John: The Life of John Mason Brown, With Some of His Letters and Many of His Opinions by George Stevens (Viking). Every day was opening night for this life-loving critic and *SRL* columnist.

Thomas Jefferson: An Intimate History by Fawn M. Brodie (Norton). A speculative but persuasive account of the third President's personal declarations of independence.

The Road to Many a Wonder by David Wagoner (Farrar, Straus, and Giroux). A Bunyanesque tale of two honeymooning, gold-rushing charmers who outwit the bad guys on their westward trek to Pikes Peak.

The Infernal Grove by Malcolm Muggeridge (Morrow). The sun never set on the pre–World War II places traveled by the often irritating, always original Mr. M. in this second volume of his autobiography.

Street Games by Rosellen Brown (Doubleday). A fictional move to a mixed Brooklyn neighborhood where the tenement- and town-house-born deal with the everyday.

FILMS

The Conversation. The electronic surveiller is surveilled—or turnabout is foul play. Golden Palm winner at Cannes.

The Lords of Flatbush. Tolerant look at a Brooklyn youth gang of the late Fifties. Non-violent and funny.

The Parallax View. Deft thriller with Warren Beatty as a reporter delving into a service corporation. The service provided? High-level assassination.

Zandy's Bride. Liv Ullmann as a mail-order frontier bride; Gene Hackman as the ill-mannered bridegroom. Good acting, authentic detail.

A Free Woman. A sensitive West German film about a divorcee facing liberatio problems.

The Black Windmill. Michael Caine once more a British secret agent. Expe direction by Don Siegel.

Wedding in Blood. Passion spins th Chabrol murder plot in provincial Franc

That's Entertainment. A show of a mult tude of shows—compiled from MGM's be musicals made in the Thirties, Forties, an Fifties. A nostalgic frolic.

THEATER (New York)

A Moon for the Misbegotten (Morosc Theater). Colleen Dewhurst is perfect an Jason Robards haunted in this beautiful an compassionate love story written by Eugen O'Neill about his hard-drinking brother.

A Little Night Music (Majestic Theater) This sophisticated and gently humorou adaptation of Ingmar Bergman's film *Smile of a Summer Night* is still the best musica on Broadway.

Moonchildren (Theatre de Lys). Michae Weller's play about a group of college kid living together but really very far apart i entertaining and touching.

Over Here! (Shubert Theater). A musica nostalgiarama that ridicules the cornies aspects of World War II America. With tw surviving Andrews sisters.

Candide (Broadway Theater). An inven tive reweave of the 1956 musical tapestr based on Voltaire's classic.

Clarence Darrow (on tour). Henry Fon da's low-key performance is lean an steadily absorbing, a one-man tribute to th famous lawyer.

El Grande de Coca-Cola (Plaza 9 Thea ter). Brief, bright musical revue aimed *di rectamente* at the funny bone.

Raisin (Forty-sixth Street Theater). *A* spectacle of music and dance based on Lor raine Hansberry's moving portrait of blac life in modern America.

Scapino (The Circle in the Square—Joseph E. Levine Theater). The Youn Vic's sprightly new adaptation of a Molièr classic.

Grease (Royale Theater). Lively musica re-creation of the 1950s—bobbysox, pony tails, and all.

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, N.Y.C., July 2–August 10). One of the world's great dance companies in a repertory of more than 2C ballets, including three new productions: John Neumeier's new version of Stravinsky's *Le Baiser de la Fée*; Natalia Makarova's staging of Petipa's *La Bayadère* (last act); David Blair's staging of Petipa's *The Sleeping Beauty* (last act).

Moiseyev Dance Company (Metropolitan Opera House, N.Y.C., June 18–July 20). The great folklore-based but highly theatrical dance troupe from Moscow, providing one of the most continuously popular dance experiences of this era. New highlight—dances from *Prince Igor*.

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Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival (Ted Shawn ıeater, nine miles east of Lee, Mass.). merica's oldest dance festival—with ori- ns from 1933—July 2–Aug. 24. Dennis ayne's American Ballet Co., Pearl Lang ıd Co., among others.

Saratoga Festival (Saratoga Performing rts Center, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.). New ork City Ballet, July 2–27. Special feature, orld premiere, new production of *Cop- lia*, staged by Alexandra Danilova, on ew July 16–20. Full-length *The Nut- acker* (Balanchine) on view July 2–6.

American Dance Festival (Connecticut ollege, New London, Conn., June 22– ug. 3). Daily events on campus and in aterford, Conn., at O'Neill Amphitheater O'Neill Barn. Six Monday evenings of storic-dance films plus performances or monstrations.

ECORDINGS

"Midnight at the Oasis," "Vaudeville lan," "Any Old Time," etc. (Reprise). Vaudeville Man" may not be destined for e prominence of Bob Dylan's "Tambou- ne Man," but it does identify Maria Mul- ur as a follower of that great minstrel. ı "Midnight at the Oasis," "Any Old ime," and "I Never Did Sing You a Love ong," she adds a refreshing accent of her wn.

Concertos (Telemann, Weber, L. Mozart, c., Angel). Among laymen who esteem ıasters of breath control and facility, Barry uckwell may not have as wide a follow- ıg as Beverly Sills, but among musicians ; ranks equally high for his application of to the French horn. The material is vari- ole, but a sonata by Cherubini as well as ıe Weber concertino are well worthy of ıe names they bear.

Liederkreis (Schumann, etc., Columbia). ny collaboration of the late Jennie Tourel nd Leonard Bernstein is memorable, and ıis memorial tribute to the beloved mezzo doubly so for being derived from a Car- egie Hall concert of March 1969. Season- ıg the mixture are songs by Tchaikovsky nd Debussy, Satie and Rachmaninoff.

Serenades in E-flat* (K.375) and *C Minor K.388) (Mozart, DGG). Wind players orldwide have credentials competing for onors as interpreters of these masterpieces, ut few can claim as close a connection to ıe source as the members of the Vienna hilharmonic, who are responsible for these lowing performances. Conductor? They do ery nicely without one.

"Porgy and Bess" excerpts, "Rialto Rip- ıles," etc. (Gershwin, Mark 56). What ershwin was aiming for in the early Lullaby" he achieved with finality in the nemorable "Summertime," whose first in- erpreter, Abbie Mitchell, is here heard in ı never-before issued rehearsal "take" un- ler the composer's own direction. Todd uncan, Anne Brown, and Ruby Elzy of he original cast also participate in this ınique side-long session of music and talk.

"Devil's Sweet," "Call on Me," "Hanky anky" (Columbia). The titles above are but ı sampling of this new, big two-disk offer- ing of "Chicago" in full cry. Spirit, musi- ianship, originality—the versatile vocalists and their instrumental counterparts have them all. □

North Sea Oil: A Cautious Approach to Prosperity

Stavanger, Norway

A voice in the airport bus rang out with the slow-gaited twang of Texas: "C'd y'all drop me off at the Esso motel?" The scene might have been anywhere in the American Southwest—but it happened to be in Norway, on the road to Stavanger, nerve center of the world's newest oil-rich kingdom. With the help of American expertise, something like 300,000 barrels of crude a day will be gushing soon from the Norwegian continental shelf under the North Sea. And that—though considerably more oil than Norway itself can possibly consume—is only a foretaste of the plenitude to come. By the early Eighties Norwegian oil production will have reached at least 2 million barrels a day. This may be only a trickle measured against a global thirst for oil currently sopping up from 46 to 48 million barrels a day in the so-called free world alone, but it is more than enough to put Norway on easy street.

No country could be enjoying the prospect less. The Norwegians are a prudent and cautious lot, not given to conspicuous consumption or expansive visions. You could, if you were feeling uncharitable, call them dull and joyless. At any rate, they are clearly uneasy about their coming prosperity. They wonder what will happen to the Norwegian quality of life, to the marine ecology on which the nation's fisheries depend, to the delicate demographic balance that now exists between town and country. They are at a loss to know how all that new money can be absorbed into the Norwegian economy. They worry about the day when the oil runs out. And they are disturbed that the Americans and other eager beavers should be getting such a large slice of their cake.

Stavanger has only 2,000 Americans out of a total population of 83,000, but in its hotels, banks, and travel agencies they seem omnipresent. Though the oil belongs to Norway, much of the know-how, the capital, and the guts for getting it out have been American. It was the Phillips Petroleum Company of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, that first discovered oil in the Norwegian sector of the North Sea after years of fruitless drilling. "Those were pretty discouraging times," recalls Everett Thrall, who manages the Phillips operation in Norway. "Many of the companies which had licenses gave up. But our men were convinced oil was down there, and eventually we found Ekofisk." That lucky strike took place in November 1969, four years after Norway had opened up its waters south of the sixty-second parallel for exploration.

Since then Ekofisk has become the catchall name for a group of neighboring underwater oil fields located 180 miles southwest of Stavanger. More precisely, it denotes vast strata of limestone, saturated with oil and gas, buried 10,000 feet beneath the seabed. To extract the riches of Ekofisk, more than 2 billion dollars will have been invested in men and matériel before any appreciable quantities of oil and gas come on the market. Much of this money has gone for high-priced hardware installed above and below sea level—a series of drilling platforms; a processing plant for separating natural gas from crude; a huge concrete storage tank (at a million barrels, the world's largest); 220 miles of oil pipeline to Teesside, England; another 275 miles of gas pipeline to Emden, West Germany. Much of the money has also gone for high-priced imported labor, often totally unproductive for weeks at a stretch during periods of foul North Sea weather. But let us not stay awake nights worrying over the solvency of Phillips Petroleum or its bankers. At current prices for crude oil, the 2 billion will be paid back in less than a year.

IT WILL, that is to say, if the Norwegian government honors the original terms of its agreements. The deal with Phillips dates from that already distant epoch when governments labored under the benign illusion that giant oil companies were indispensable for the extraction and marketing of petroleum resources. By the terms of its license, Phillips pays the Norwegian government a 10 percent royalty on the gross value of whatever gas and oil it draws from the sea, plus a 45 percent income tax on its net profits. That still leaves a lot of moola left over. Perhaps too much. Since the late Sixties, and particularly since the Yom Kippur war, the economics of oil have undergone an agonizing re-appraisal. It has become apparent that the scimitar wielded so effectively by Colonel Qaddafi and Sheikh Yamani also fits the hand of Per Kleppe, Norway's Socialist minister of finance. "Our objective," he warned at the height of the Arab embargo, "must be to secure

(Continued on page 50.)

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World Progress Report

Swords Into Plowshares

The bloody 1971 war between India and Pakistan ended in the birth of a new nation, Bangladesh, but it also planted the seeds of potential hatred and conflict for the future. Last April, however, the governments of India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh met to resolve the war's after-effects. In a three-way accord, India agreed to release all remaining Pakistani prisoners, while Bangladesh agreed to grant clemency to 195 Pakistanis it had charged with war crimes. The three nations also announced plans for further talks to achieve "substantive normalization in all fields, particularly in telecommunications, civil aviation, travel, trade, and economic cooperation."

Just a month later, last May, the prime ministers of India and Bangladesh reached accord on a division of the Ganges's water to prevent silting in the port of Calcutta. The talks also resulted in settlement of territorial claims and the promise of economic aid to Bangladesh in the form of $50 million in credit as well as direct assistance in industrial development. The two leaders agreed that they had laid to rest issues "that had eluded solution for a whole generation."

This Land Is Their Land

Canadians have long been understandably sensitive to the culture, commerce, and capital osmosing across the border from the south, threatening to turn their country into a U.S. colony. With approximately the same land area as the U.S. but only a tenth as many people, Canadians have most recently become exercised about the overflow of land-hungry homesteaders from the lower 48 into their own vast, underpopulated outback. More and more acres of choice waterfront, farms, and forests are attracting affluent aliens in search of back-to-nature living at bargain prices.

The government of Ontario, the most heavily infiltrated of the Canadian provinces, is leading the fight against foreign encroachment and the land speculation it engenders. Under a new law, a foreign buyer of Canadian real estate is taxed a whopping 20 percent of the purchase price, while the seller is liable to the government for as much as 50 percent of his profit on the deal. Several other provinces are reported to be considering legislation with similar intent.

"Access to land is one of the compensations we have for living here," explains Gordon Gibson of Vancouver, a former assistant to the Prime Minister. "It is one of the nice things about being a Canadian. Certainly we are foolish if we allow the wealth of the rest of the world to bid up the prices of our recreational areas to a level Canadians cannot afford."

About-Face

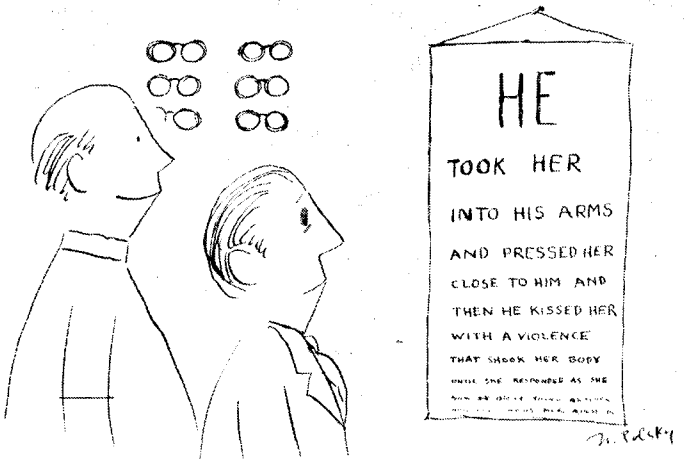
In the short quarter-century after World War II, the "green revolution" that has transformed agriculture around the world was born in Mexico. With new varieties of wheat and corn and new farm technology developed in cooperation with the Rockefeller Foundation, Mexico has turned from importer to modest exporter of cereal grain while increasing the food consumption of the average Mexican by 40 percent. More recently, however, the ability to produce more people has nullified Mexico's ability to grow more food, forcing a welcome, if overdue, change in official policy toward birth control.

"To govern is to populate," proclaimed President Luis Echeverría Alvarez, father of eight, as recently as his 1970 campaign. Abetted by such official dogma, Mexico's population has more than doubled, from 26 million in 1950 to almost 60 million today, with some 150 million predicted by the end of the century. Already, almost half the population are under the age of 15, creatin a heavy demand for education an other social services as well as fooc But 15 percent of all Mexican childre die of malnutrition before adolescence according to Dr. Alfonso Chavez of th National Nutrition Institute, while 3 to 40 percent suffer mental or physica retardation due to poor childhood nu trition.

With the growing imbalance betwee resources and population threatenin Mexico's ambitious plans for nationa development, the government has under taken a program of "responsible parent hood" and "family planning." Spokes men are still shy of such controversia terms as *birth control.* Nevertheless government hospitals and clinics are dis pensing free birth-control pills and othe contraceptive devices. New mothers re ceive birth-control instruction befor leaving the maternity wards, while radio television, and posters carry the cam paign to the rest of the population. O about 10 million Mexican women o child-bearing age, about half a millio are already receiving family-planning services from government or privat agencies.

Against strong opposition from such groups as the National Union of Heads of Families, which protests that "Mexico needs a larger population," Presiden Echeverría has given his full public sup port to the program. Señora Echeverría agrees that "the most dramatic problem in my country is the malnutrition of thousands upon thousands of children."

ANTHONY WOLFF



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Saturday Review/World's 50th Anniversary

wo special issues, appearing August 10 and August 24, *rday Review/World* will mark its fiftieth year in publishing. e twin anniversary issues will be *SR/W* Retrospective and *W* Prospective.

ıe August 10 *SR/W* Retrospective issue will examine the action of ideas and events over the past 50 years, the impact e Second World War on the ideology, politics, and economies ations—the manners and morals of a nation growing from escence into maturity.

ıe August 24 Prospective issue will probe the next 50 years—what factors will affect the human habitat, in terms of science, technology, resources, population, stress, food supply, environment.

Together, *SR/W*'s two anniversary issues offer an overview of 100 years—yesterday's journey into tomorrow. Each of them will be twice the size of an average issue of *SR/W*, and the newsstand price of each will be increased—for this occasion only—from 75 cents to a dollar. Listed above are the distinguished international authorities whose work will appear in these issues. Below, some of the features you will find:

ospective Issue
ıst 10

The Past 50 Years

ıair Cooke examines the year 1924, when the modern era *SR*) began

ıg Howe chronicles the literary history of America since 1924

ry Steele Commager appraises the forces of change in Americulture

Most Important People of the Last Half-Century: the results poll of intellectuals and world leaders

Canfield and **Alfred A. Knopf**: a dialogue on life and letters vo of the great publishers of the era

is Kronenberger on **Ernest Hemingway**'s "In Our Time"

iam Rose Benét on **F. Scott Fitzgerald**'s "The Great Gatsby"

hiell Hammett on **S. S. Van Dine**'s "The Benson Murder Case"

lair Lewis on **John O'Hara's** "Appointment in Samarra"

er Davis on **Sinclair Lewis**'s "It Can't Happen Here"

es Thurber on **Dale Carnegie**'s "How To Win Friends and ıence People"

iam L. White on **William Shirer**'s "Berlin Diary"

acerbic **Arnold Schoenberg–Thomas Mann** debate

ık Altschul on **Henry A. Kissinger**'s "The Necessity for ıice"

en Eiseley on **Rachel Carson**'s "Silent Spring"

ıan Smith on **Betty Friedan**'s "The Feminine Mystique"

ırge Stevens on the early years of "Saturday Review"

Prospective Issue
August 24

The Next 50 Years

McGeorge Bundy writes a history of the world from the perspective of the year 2024

Andrei Sakharov, in an exclusive dispatch telephoned to *SR/W* from Moscow, predicts the convergence of the capitalist and socialist systems

René Dubos prescribes a redefinition of modern man so that he will prosper through the future

Neil Armstrong previews lunar colonies and the nature of future space exploration

Wernher von Braun tells how orbiting satellites will help us farm, communicate, and avoid disasters

Milovan Djilas and **Lord Trevelyan** redraw the world map in anticipation of 2024

Dr. Michael DeBakey looks beyond the present frontiers of medicine

Clare Boothe Luce views the role of women in our future society

Kurt Waldheim projects prospects for world cooperation

Jacques Cousteau delves into man's newest frontier, the sea

Moshe Safdie tells how architecture will shape man's future environment

Rev. Theodore Hesburgh speculates on the future of religion in society

Harold Howe II files a report to the President on the state of education in 2024

Isaac Asimov provides a scrapbook of clippings from the year 2024

ıse issues will provide both a memorable recollection of a e to be treasured and relived and a preview of tomorrow by some of the most incisive minds of today. To ensure that your copies are reserved, start your subscription today.

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The Second French Revolution

Doisneau: Rapho

New skyscrapers of La Defense towering over Paris and the Arc de Triomphe.

France today is rushing through a metamorphosis—from a nation of bistros and boutiques to the most powerful economic presence in Europe.

by J. Robert Moskin

Paris

Drive up the Champs Élysées, around the Arc de Triomphe, and out the avenue Charles de Gaulle. Ahead, like a magical emerald city of Oz, rise the tall, shining, glass-and-steel skyscrapers of La Defense. This is the modernized suburb that is anathema to Parisians, who desperately want to hold on to their low skyline and café life-style. But the high-rising Park Avenue imitations are the inexorable future—the new France. By the end of this decade, it is now predicted, this new France will be the leading economic power in Europe.

If it is hard to imagine the France of bistros and wines and *cinq à sept* turning into an industrial Frankenstein, simply think back to the *Wirtschaftswunder* that reincarnated West Germany from post-war rubble into the potent economy that France is overtaking.

Come close to La Defense. Construction. Roads unmarked. Detours labyrinthian. Buildings unfinished. Elevators that don't work. No names or numbers visible from the road—the giant buildings identified only at their summits, with huge, glory-shouting signs. The future is just being born.

Go through cluttered halls and lobbies, up the single, crowded elevator to the nineteenth floor of the building called Tour Atlantique, where 30 people in the jumbled offices of Société de l'Aérotrain are designing the transportation of tomorrow: radically new, swift, air-cushioned trains that will travel at 150 to 250 mph on a bubble of air. The first train will connect this office city of La Defense (named for a monument marking the 1871 defense of Paris) with the new residential town of Cergy, 14 miles away. Another decade, and air-cushioned trains already designed here may link Los Angeles airports, Washington with Dulles airport.

"Each country has a type of work in which its genius is at its best," says Jean Bertin, president director general of Société de l'Aérotrain. "Where America is absolutely unbeatable is in industrializing efficiently. France has a genius for taking an idea and proving it—for innovation and development."

The new France, of which Bertin's company is part, is an exciting combination of technology, assertiveness, and wealth. Its existence is little realized abroad; Americans, for whom France is the most visited country overseas, find it still old-worldly, charming, expensive and arrogant. But France is rushing through a metamorphosis.

This transformation is revealed and documented in a controversial, in-depth study of the French economy completed last year by the Hudson Institute, the American-originated think tank headed by Herman Kahn. Although the findings of the institute have not come as a total surprise to French economists, it took a foreign-born research outfit to make Frenchmen aware of their own Second Revolution. The Hudson Institute report told them: "France today possesses the most dynamic economy in Europe—the economy with the most rapid sustained rate of growth, with the most favorable prospects for continued high growth. France in a decade can expect to become the most powerful economy in Western Europe in terms of total output."

This report, compiled on order of the French government, then led by Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas, raised a storm. The government tried to suppress it. The British and Germans were enraged.

"Our conclusions defy what has been the conventional wisdom about France,' says the report. That is an understatement. According to the conventional view, the French are a people who hoard gold in their mattresses, cheat on their taxes, run little family businesses like secret conspiracies—a ridiculous mix of avaricious pettiness and narcissistic illusions of grandeur.

The Hudson Institute's "wisdom" is something else. It threatens to revolutionize how the world thinks about France and what France herself must do. Reactions have been intense and emotional, because the implications are enormous—especially if France continues to chase the butterfly of nationalistic "glory," limit integration with the rest of Europe, and feel hostile toward cooperation with the United States.

The 133-page report, called *France and Its Future 1973–1985*, contains herds of statistics, but the key fact is this: since 1960 France has maintained the highest growth rate in Western Europe, averaging 5.8 percent every year. If their performances continue, Switzerland, Sweden, and France will be the richest nations in Europe by the end

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of this decade, and France will leapfrog even Sweden ten years later. As the report asserts, "France will be the largest single economic power in a Western Europe that collectively possesses industry and technology of a scale significantly larger than in the Soviet Union and rival to that of the United States.

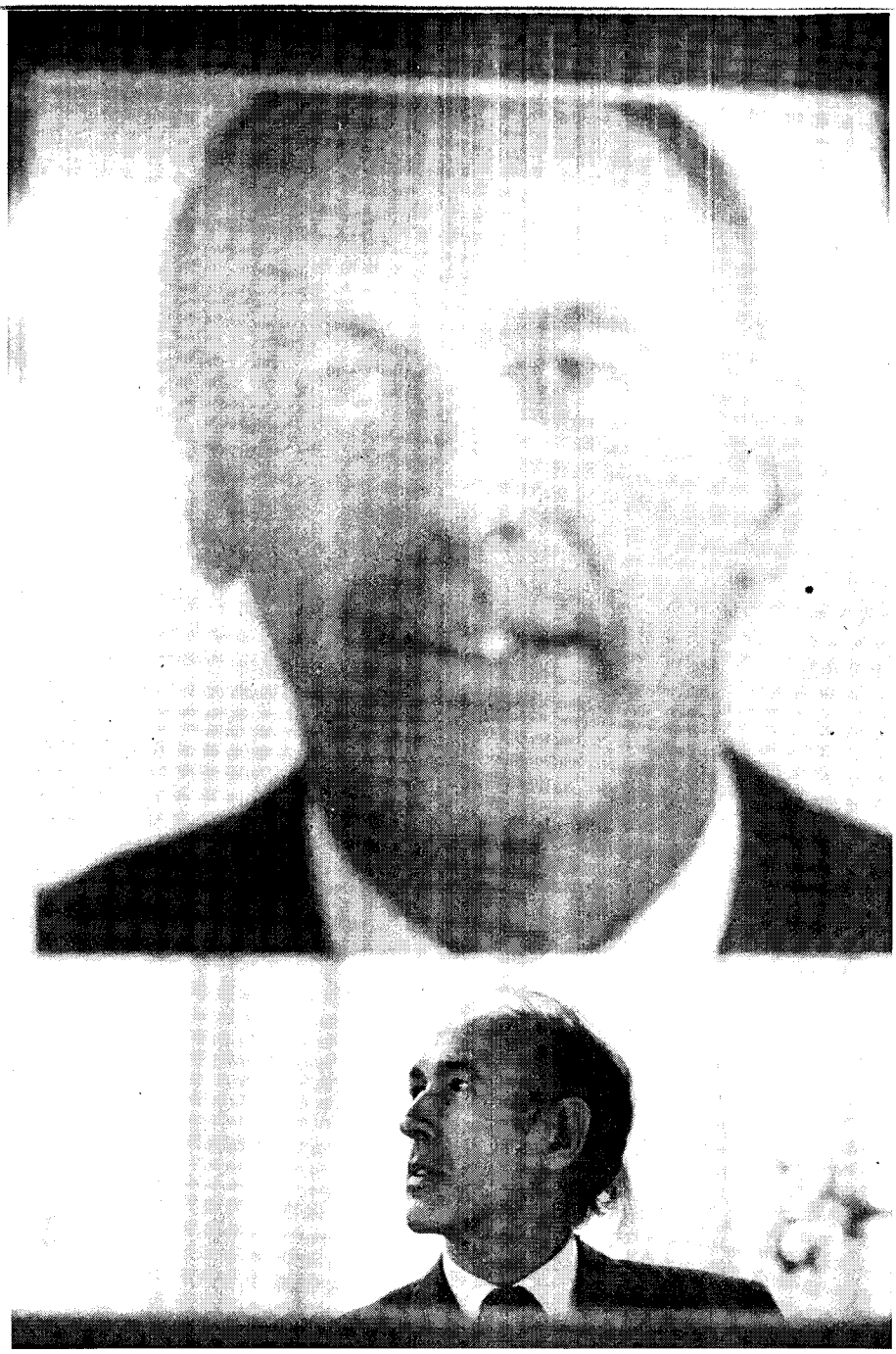
The report was compiled before the oil crisis depressed all European growth rates. Will 1973 prove to have been the last year of growth? Despite the present slowdown in the French economy, Edmund Stillman, the 49-year-old American who heads the Hudson Institute's European Division in Paris and led the team that produced the report, believes that the crisis does not change the picture. He now says, "My initial optimism in the face of the oil crisis seems justified. In the period since, it appears that in 1974, despite oil problems, France should grow by a minimum of 4.25 to 4.5 percent versus a *maximum* 2.25 for West Germany. The French, in other words, are still doing twice as well as the Germans and nearly four times better than the British."

FRANCE ALREADY HAS a more powerful economy per capita than West Germany has, according to the report. France's GNP is 92 percent of Germany's, and in the next decade it will be the larger. France is expected to overtake Germany in part because of the greater French investment in advanced technology: aerospace, computers, electronics, and so forth. Says Stillman, "By 1980–81 France should comfortably have passed West Germany, even under contemporary conditions of oil shortage, inflation, et cetera."

In 1957 Britain's GNP was 25 percent larger than that of France; today, France's GNP is the larger by 30 percent. France already exports more goods than does Britain.

The French started out in 1945 demoralized by defeat, appeasement, and occupation in World War II. "They were ashamed," says Stillman. The upper-class leadership was discredited; the closed society opened to a new generation of American-influenced managers. The French were convinced that they had to modernize.

France's economy was archaic, dominated by agriculture and small business. Because the nation had never really industrialized, it now had a tremendous advantage, compared, for example, with Britain, which was saddled with an archaic *industrial* economy. As the report states, "France is a latecomer to the Industrial Revolution. It now can enjoy the privilege of applying late-model technological and managerial methods."



David Burnett: Gamma

President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—No longer a hostility toward achievement.

France has other advantages: the highest birthrate in Europe except for the Netherlands, an especially young work force, and a reservoir of farm population that is still shifting to the cities. In 1960 France still had 4.1 million employed in agriculture; by 1970 this number had fallen to 2.8 million. Industrial unions are relatively weak, and the highly productive urban population has been reinforced by a massive inflow of cheap foreign labor. In 1968, about one-tenth of all wage earners were foreigners —and disenfranchised. ("How do you think the Right stays in power in this country?" asks an American observer.)

Economically, France has a centralized, highly interventionist government, compared with that of Germany or Britain. To avoid repeating its 1940 vulnerability to external aggression, the French government has supported electronic and aeronautical industries. It has nationalized banks and industries. To increase exports, it devalued the franc in 1958 and again in 1969. To a significant extent, this is a state-planned economy.

The Hudson Institute's European Division's experts theorize that the French have been able to push ahead of their neighbors because the work ethic of

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Protestant northern Europe has failed to adjust to affluence and has been diluted by permissiveness. They see the Latin-Catholic-Mediterranean nations, including France, advancing their industrial revolutions faster today because they organize collectively and meld work and pleasure.

"France is a latecomer to the Industrial Revolution. It now can enjoy the privilege of applying late-model technological and managerial methods."

Jean Bovnine Cobalé, adviser to L'Oréal, the multi-national cosmetic giant, says that France is adjusting to change: "This is a Catholic culture with basically a kind of non-profit morality. Our ethic was not the Protestant ethic. We are going to be saved *there*—not *here*. In Latin cultures, Catholic cultures, France, there is a certain amount of guilt over consumption and affluence. Affluence is okay, but is that what we are living for? We have to invent a future."

Maurice Schumann, who was foreign minister when the report was issued, says that he was surprised by its conclusions. "I didn't realize it meant a better economic rate for us than for our German friends." But Schumann remembers that when the late President Georges Pompidou took office, he told Schumann that he wanted France to be Germany's industrial equal. Success so far has been based, Schumann believes, on political stability and changes in French society. He sees Frenchmen as having become much more mobile and European-minded: "Only a general depression will cause us to reconsider." To Schumann, inflation is the great danger; it slows growth, creates anxiety and political unrest—and makes possible a government of the extreme Right or Left.

France is now committed to growth. Hostility toward achievement is finally declining. Even the Socialist-Communist Left wants growth. "There is no Club of Rome nonsense on the Left here," says Stillman. "This is a parvenu society today—dynamic."

But France's new economic power, the Hudson Institute report warns, contains new problems, both domestic and external. Internally, France, which has always been elitist, faces increased pressure from angry, alienated workers demanding to share in the new wealth. This pressure will be intensified by a predicted decline in the number of foreign workers, on whom the society now depends to get its dirty work done. The minimum wage has already been pushed upward. If the economy is to maintain growth and meet demands from below, says the report, wealth will have to be redistributed and money poured into the neglected social infrastructure: housing, education, roads, hospital facilities, and the miserable telephone system. (Flush toilets are proportionately more common in Ireland than in France, and half of the homes in France still have neither a shower nor a bath.) If the new wealth has to be shared more widely and great sums spent to modernize not only industry but also the society, it is easy to see why the nervous French establishment tried to bury the report it had paid for. Industrial revolution means revolution.

This May's presidential election demonstrated the spirit of protest. To ensure change, 49.3 percent of French voters were ready to take Communists into the government. Even the victorious establishment candidate, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, had to promise major social changes in order to win his paper-thin majority of 1.4 percent. In the first election round, only one in seven voters chose the Gaullist candidate to succeed the Gaullist Pompidou and thus keep the status quo. During the campaign, François Mitterrand, the Socialist-Communist candidate, told a workingmen's audience in Lyons: "One of the principal arguments of my adversaries is that France is rich, thanks to them. They say the treasuries are full. But who made the effort to produce those riches? You. And who received its fruits? Not you."

France, the Hudson Institute report asserts, does not have a tradition "of any devotion to the public interest or willingness to make real sacrifices to the public good." The French will have to give up their "rather widespread evasion of social responsibility."

The anti-Gaullist election results confirmed dissatisfaction with the fact that France is a mass of minor corruptions. During a recent food-distribution strike in Paris, food was black-marketed in bags labeled "cement." Income-tax evasion and government bugging are familiar. The French are not shocked by Watergate; they have had Watergate for a long, long time. As a result, their attitude is: screw the government; they screw us.

Nevertheless, Stillman says, "It is refreshing to live in a society where the family has not disintegrated, where the sexes are not at war with each other where women are not trying to be ersatz men." But affluence is changing some of these features of French life.

President Pompidou himself declared "Dear old France, good cooking, the Folies-Bergère, gay Paris, haute couture, and pleasant exports: cognac, champagne, and even Bordeaux or Burgundy! That's over. France has begun an industrial revolution, and it is continuing."

Although France's industrial revolution is not a copy of Britain's or Germany's, which emphasized heavy industry and all the environment-polluting side effects which that implies, it does carry the germ of deep-seated change. The Hudson Institute report predicts:

> The national ethos, technocratic and managerial, provides for a continuation of French economic development and success, but not for a profound cultural renaissance. In many ways, the next 30 years may be the least arresting in the recent history of France. The country may live on the cultural inheritance of its past. France, a technocratic miracle, could also become the standard-bearer of collective, though affluent, mediocrity—a kind of "China in Europe," a nation with a dazzling cultural past but a present rooted in the pursuit of purely technocratic or materialistic goals. If that is to be France's gift to Europe in the 1980s, it will go unthanked.

Says one wise Parisienne, "The French people feel they are in a hinge of history. They are at the end of an old era of 350 different cheeses and home-packed *pâté* and at the beginning of an era of supermarkets and race problems." Or, as Stillman puts it, "People are, in fact, living in a world from 10 to 15 years old." And the challenges of the post-industrial era require that the rigidity of French society be pried open.

Externally, French economic resurgence threatens reaction from the nations that France is outstripping. They will try to protect themselves from French domination. France will have to make serious concessions if the Common Market economies are to continue to be "harmonized." The report warns that French political and economic assertiveness could result in "an isolation, and even an ostracism, of France."

Gaullism was always divisive in Eu-

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·ope, and the bickering and bitterness ncreased with France's selfish national- sm in the oil crisis—trading Mirages ınd tanks to ensure France's own oil sup- ɔly and floating the franc independently (while not even sacrificing Sunday driv- ng). "The French government acted ike a government of grocers," says one American expert in Paris. In London, David Warswick, director of The Na- ional Institute of Economic and Social Research, says of the French: "They ıave been more anxious to look after :hemselves than anyone else in the post- war world." Warswick thinks that France's economic growth is fine ("bully for them") as long as it does not come ıt others' expense. If his concern about France's everyone-for-himself attitude ɔuilds up among the British and the Germans, it can further endanger Euro- ɔean economic collaboration and politi- :al cohesion.

In the debate that has raged over the Hudson Institute report, three main arguments are raised against its conclusions:

• The first is that France has been merely catching up and that the growth-rate gap will close. This reasoning is based on the truth that France has a long way to go before matching British and German industrialization. Once she has caught up, how will she be able to continue to forge ahead? The Swiss research firm of Prognos A. G. has already predicted that the German economy will more than hold its lead over the French. The road ahead is full of potholes.

• Secondly, it is argued that much of France's growth has been in ephemeral areas. Journalist Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, briefly Minister of Reforms, says, "I know the kind of sterile development we have in France. Concorde and nuclear armament are a waste of money and talent. [France] has developed too much on consumer goods and not enough on infrastructure." He finds the Hudson Institute report "quite irrational about France." And *Le Nouvel Observateur,* in a snide and scathing attack, called the report's thesis "a hypothesis in the air."

• Thirdly, there are fears that France cannot overcome her persistent political instability, which the 16 Gaullist years may only have interrupted. France's entry into the Common Market forced her industrialists to become competitive, and de Gaulle's ending of the Indochinese and Algerian colonial wars plugged a drain in the economy. These political actions and the devaluations of the franc encouraged investment in the economy. But too often French politics has been a destructive child's game. It can be again.

Says Servan-Schreiber, "The ruling circle of France does not do justice to the French people in the economic and social problems we have. The economic and political leaders are just as bad as the military leaders were 30 years ago. It is the elite system that is bad. That does not make for good reform. That is the core of the disease. It's a country ruled by very few people and very privileged people."

Certainly, the French Achilles' heel is political instability. France has long been "accident-prone." And all the predictions will go into the wastebasket if France proves unable to keep political peace and order.

EVEN WITH STABILITY, the political establishment can get in the way of progress. France is a nation with a heavy burden of bureaucrats. During the recent political campaign, President Giscard d'Estaing voiced concern about a "cumbersome and counterproductive bureaucracy." Says one American reporter in Paris, "The French government lies as much as ours." As Servan-Schreiber sees it, "We are very much a state economy, and this leads to impasses. We have too many bureaucrats taking the decisions for industry." Another astute commentator says, "This has always been a rich country. It's always been mismanaged."

Michel Gordey, a veteran reporter of *L'Express,* calls the Hudson Institute report "a fake" and warns that the number of television sets and refrigerators may be impressive, but people don't have money to pay for groceries after the twentieth of the month. Last March many workers struck to protest their loss of purchasing power. Gordey, who finds French society increasingly polarized between rich and poor, says, "The factories may be modern, but life here is not modern."

President Giscard d'Estaing's real problems are not whether to shelve frills like the S.S. *France* and Concorde, but how to stifle inflation and how to give the disgruntled workingman a larger share of the nation's new wealth. The President has promised to raise the minimum wage again, to increase unemployment and retirement payments, and to see that the wages of the lowest-paid workers are raised fastest. How he can do all that and still stamp out inflation is clear to no one. He and France must have continuing economic growth.

France is a country that encourages cynics. And there are many around who don't believe the report's optimistic predictions. Says one, "The French here in Paris are taking more baths but are enjoying them less. The French are now dull, materialistic, arrogant. They are losing their soul. They didn't have much soul to begin with."

The French cannot stop or turn back. If growth should come to an end through political upheaval or runaway inflation, it would bring either a dictatorship or a revolutionary-forced redistribution of wealth. "We have been able to buy off the working class by making the pie bigger every year," Stillman says. "Unless the people go running through the streets, calling for blood, I don't see what's going to stop this." He is confident France's spectacular growth will continue. □

Why Yours Truly?

A poem occasioned by the author's seventy-ninth birthday (July 12)

I'm *not* yours.
You're *not* mine.

My years of life
Are seventy-nine
  Mysteries deepen
  I opine.
Curvaceous, silkaceous,
Sylphaceous you
  I'm nigh *in*efficacious
  What may we do?
I can't eat you
And have you too—
  Let's enjoy laughter
  And *wisdom* too.
You're eternally lovely
The truly you.
  You can't *see* me.
  I can't *see* you.
We may know one another
And sometimes do.
  We *both* love, only
  All that's true
Wherefor we both love
The truly you.

  I'll love you forever
  The truly you.

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

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Wordman, Spare That Tree!

Hordes of inept writers are grinding out bad fiction at a rate that is fast leveling the forests that supply our paper pulp.

by Jean Stafford

One time when I was out in Colorado visiting my sister, whose husband was a cattle rancher, I was sitting in the kitchen, drinking coffee late in the morning of a hot August day. I was occupied with nothing but coffee drinking and staring into space, a time-consuming but essential exercise for writers. A neighboring rancher had quartered some of his stock on my brother-in-law's range, and he had gone up that morning to cut a bull calf out of the herd to be butchered. He came down to the house for a glass of water, wearing, as he always did, a black hat like a Texas sheriff's, and, as he always did, packing his six-shooter lest he be ambushed by a sheepman. He said to me, "Well, Miss Jean, you still writing books?" I replied that I supposed I was, and he said, "That's a mighty nice kind of job. You can do it in the shade." Then, after a moment's reflection, he said, "But I suppose it must be kinda hard to make the lines come out even."

For a long time I used to tell that anecdote for one of two reasons: the first was to illustrate the kind of speech I was privileged to hear when I was growing up and still heard before the West became all ski resorts and dude camps and Atomic Energy Commission installations. Or I told it to demonstrate the way people who do not write imagine how writers live. But now I take a different view of this interchange. Although my interlocutor saw certain fringe benefits accruing to my job—that is, that I could do it in the shade and could still be in my wrapper and slippers at ten o'clock in the morning and taking my own sweet time over my coffee—he was also aware that I wasn't lying in a bed of roses: I had to make the lines come out even, and that was *work*. We were two laborers who respected each other's capacity for toil, but we would not have swapped places with each other for the world. There is a notion held by many—my rancher friend, I think, would not have been so misguided—that because we do not go to an office or into the vineyard or punch a time clock at nine and at five, five days a week, we writers work when we feel like it or when "the inspiration moves" us. But whether we are drowning Japanese beetles in turpentine, or gathering seashells by the seashore, or having root-canal work done, or drinking up a storm at a cocktail party, we are at work as writers. We are eavesdropping and spying and asking leading questions and stowing away the answers like pack rats. We do not take vacations, and we do not take weekends or legal holidays off. We may go for days or weeks or months without setting a single word to paper (except perhaps for cryptic notes on the inside of matchbooks or on the wrapper of a Mr. Goodbar), and during this time we may appear to be wholly absorbed in something else (for example, cleaning the attic, putting up piccalilli, browsing at random through the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*); but whatever else we are *doing*, we are *at work* as writers.

How do we go about learning this fine art of self-flagellation? And once we have elected to earn our living in this distressing and economically dangerous way, how do we continue? Why do we? Nothing else is so variable as the glass of fashion, and nobody else is so quixotic as The Reading Public. If it appeared today, *Moby Dick* would probably have both a popular and a critical success, but would it, we can't help wondering, outlast *Once Is Not Enough* or *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* on the best-seller list? In 1851 Melville wrote to Hawthorne, "Dollars damn me!" after a week spent trying to get in the potatoes at Arrowhead while he finished *Moby Dick* and trying to finish *Moby Dick* while he got in the potatoes. Harper's had refused him an advance, reminding him that he owed them $695.55 on his last book, and he had been obliged to borrow at 9 percent to keep his head above water. The whale book had only a mediocre sale, and a year after its publication the poor devil was still in debt to Harper's for $145.83. Today, instead of taking a post in the Customs House, Melville could

Jean Stafford is a novelist, essayist, and short-story writer. In 1970 she won the Pulitzer Prize for Collected Stories.

"Never mind all that price-earnings ratio stuff. Just put me down for 100 shares of IBM to win, 100 shares of Xerox to place, and 100 shares of AT&T to show."

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probably get a much more lucrative and elevated job as writer-in-residence at one of the branches of the University of California. But, considering the gloomy news of slashed budgets in academe these days, I'm not so sure of that.

A great many writers of fiction can trace the beginnings of their craft to their listening as children to family stories, to tangled yarns about their forebears, or to episodes of glamour or of farce or of dreadful tragedy involving living kinsmen and collateral branches still resident in County Clare or removed to Puget Sound. Peter Taylor dedicates his *Collected Short Stories* to his mother, who was, he writes, "The best teller of tales I know and from whose lips I first heard many of the stories in this book." As a child, he could not possibly have taken in all the meanings of what he heard: a lot of the good parts undoubtedly were elided (little pitchers have big ears)—the scandals, the dishonors, all the blots on the escutcheon. As told, the stories had a beginning and a middle and an end, but when Mr. Taylor began to write them down, he had to reason out why each particular middle came as the result of each beginning, and why the end was inevitable, either logically or ironically. Nearly everyone is told these tribal sagas and romances and parables; and everyone is in a sense a storyteller, for everyone is called upon to report events in which he has been a participant or which he has witnessed, and generally he will sprinkle on some decoration: the doctor says, "When did these headaches begin?" and the patient says, "Just before Thanksgiving. I remember because Mary and I had planned to go to the Prescotts' for dinner, and Mary was making the stuffing for the turkey. She'd asked me to pick up some chestnuts at the Nut House on the Smithtown Bypass on my way home, and the headache was so bad I forgot." That is not very promising material for a short story, but I'll bet even money that Marcus Welby's people could stretch it out for a two-part show.

As children, not only do we hear family stories, but also we have storybooks read to us, and most of us, as children, make up stories of our own even if they are only lies told for reasons of practicality. Everyone, then, who can read and write and whose five senses are reasonably acute, has the equipment for being a writer: he can put down words and tell about the time Cousin Belle was rescued from the flood by old Doc Bandersnatch, who used to have his office down there at the corner of Cedar and Second, where the Bun 'n Burger now is. That Doc, *he* was a caution. There was that time when he put the eels in the laundry tub until he got around to cleaning them and didn't realize the stopper was out and every one of 'em—must of been 25 to 30—went down the drain and into the cesspool. Let's see, where was I? Oh yes, the time he rescued Cousin Belle from the flood.

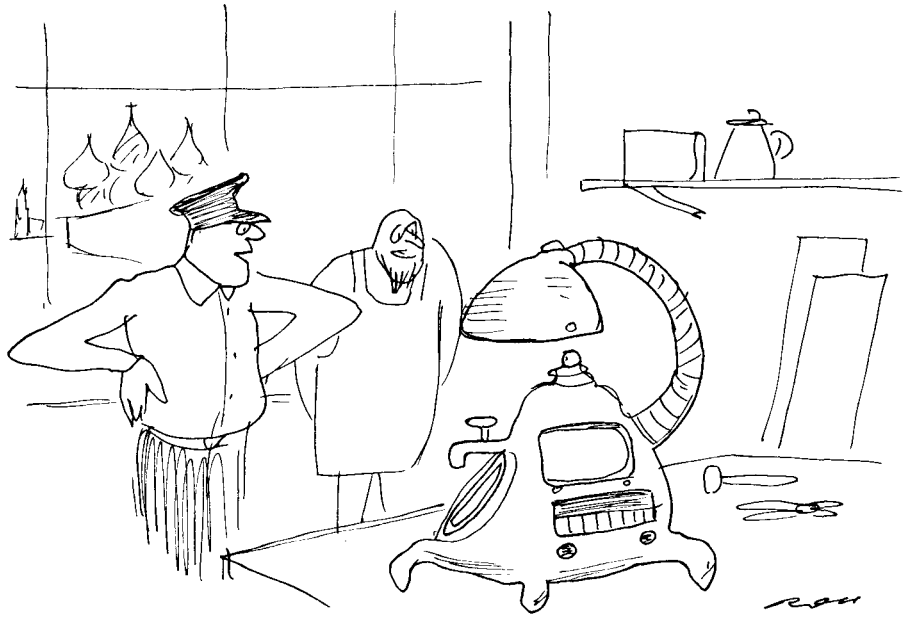
careful reader, and if you are infinitely patient with yourself, there are hundreds and thousands of how-to books written by Chekhov, de Maupassant, V. S. Pritchett, Chaucer, Kafka, Stephen Crane, Katherine Anne Porter, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, Henry James, Turgenev, John Cheever, Ring Lardner—I could, of course, go on till the cows come home. If you read these experts often and read them well, you may gradually, by osmosis, learn how to hook

"Whether we are . . . gathering seashells by the seashore, or having root-canal work done, or drinking up a storm at a cocktail party, we are at work as writers."

This is no Peter Taylor spinning a fine yarn, nor is it a Miss Eudora Welty sewing a fine seam. The materials are all right there, as plain as the nose on your face. And so, in any well-stocked kitchen, are eggs, butter, flour, sugar, milk, and salt, but this does not mean that anyone can make a soufflé straight off the bat. Your mother, if she is a good soufflé maker, can teach you how, or you can learn from Craig Claiborne or Julia Child, and after two or three fizzles, you may be able to turn out a sweet-potato-and-hazelnut soufflé fit for a king—if you have remembered to lay in the sweet potatoes and the hazelnuts.

But nobody's mother can teach him how to write a short story, and there is no surefire recipe book per se. No recipe book per se, but, if you are a

But a lot of writers are not brought up on an oral tradition at home, and many of them are not great readers and never have been; they have learned their art in another way. I cannot think of any serious writer who has been able to tell, step by step, how he was summoned and arrived at his vocation. "When did you start to write and why? Answer in fifteen words or less," say the tomfool questionnaires that come to us on Tuesdays and Saturdays and go straight into the trash basket. My late husband, A. J. Liebling, once said in an interview, "The only way to write is well. *How* is nobody's business but your own." I think that successful writers (by *successful,*



"There! A combination samovar, hi-fi cassette, hair dryer, and TV machine. I'd like to see the Americans top that."

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I mean valuable) are inarticulate about the secret of their success not because they don't want it stolen; they are inarticulate because they don't know the secret themselves.

I did, one time, consider trying to ferret out the system of the immensely popular writer Sax Rohmer, who, in case you have never heard of him, sired Fu Manchu, brilliant mastermind of the Yellow Peril that terrorized the London docks during the Twenties and Thirties. Fu and his minions trafficked in dope and jewels and white slavery; and murder—without a mark on the body—was their business. Soon after World War II, when apartments were hard to come by in New York, I found a dark, uncomfortable place above a music school for children. I didn't know about the children until after I had moved in; but within minutes of the departure of the furniture van, the fiddles started being used like buzz saws, and the pianos started getting walloped, and some persevering delinquent of ten began, without success, to learn the *piccolo obligatto* from "Stars and Stripes Forever." The only thing that gave me any pleasure during this *Walpurgis Jahr* was the friendly exchange I had each morning with my neighbor, Mr. Rohmer. We put out our trash at about the same time, and we would stand there chatting a few minutes over our pails of grapefruit rinds and beat-up milk cartons. Mr. Rohmer was a mild, clean little old man and impossible to imagine as the inventor of the cruelest and most ingenious crimes ever perpetrated in Limehouse.

I don't remember how he came to know that I was in the service like himself, but he did, and one morning he asked me to come and drink champagne and talk shop. He suggested some peculiar time of day—something like half-past two in the afternoon—and I went, aquiver with curiosity. In the first place, I could not imagine why, after those countless books, those first and second serializations, and all those movies, he was living in such an ordinary building in such a scrimy neighborhood. I think I may have imagined that the modesty of his two and a half rooms would be belied by priceless chinoiserie and a collection of esoteric blowguns. But there wasn't a hint of the Orient in his digs, not a whiff of opium, not a single oddment that, if it could talk, would tell dismaying Eastern tales. The place was furnished like a semi-detached villa in Clapham: there were strawberries and cherries in decalcomania and appliqué on café curtains and on cupboard doors. There were French dolls with long legs and provocative spit curls on the sofa, and there were pressed-glass bowls of butterscotch wafers on every surface. Mrs. Rohmer was a beaming, yellow-haired cockney, much younger than Sax and much bigger, full of laughs and hospitality. Besides us, there was another couple, just in from Liverpool, as merry as crickets and as respectable as church. The gent manufactured socks, and the missus took prizes at flower shows in Leeds. When I came in, the four of them were cutting up touches about dog races they'd been to together, and they pitied me kindly because I'd never bet on the greyhounds at Wembley. I learned straight off that the Rohmers were living in New York because they could not abide the Labor government with Attlee at its head. But their money—and I gathered there was a very tidy sum of it—was still in LSDs (in the olden time, those initials stood for pounds, shillings, and pence) with the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Because they couldn't get it out—that was why they shared my humble address. It seemed a heroic stand. After the conversation about dogs, there was a little more about socks and a little about delphiniums, and then it was time for Rohmer and me to talk shop. He asked me whether I wrote in longhand or on the typewriter, and whether I wrote in the morning or at night. He himself used a Waterman fountain pen and never revised, and he worked from half-past nine until teatime as a general rule. Then I asked him what he thought of his fellows in the chiller game: what did he think of Simenon, for example? Or Dashiell Hammett? Or Graham Greene? He'd never heard of any of them, and he'd read nobody but himself for the past 20 years. He'd read himself in translation, and he said it wasn't a half-bad way of getting up a language. His German was excellent, his Italian was serviceable, his Norwegian was passable, and just now he was learning Greek because four of his Fus had recently come out in Athens. I asked him then what he had read as a boy, and he said, "Penny dreadfuls," and the subject of literature was dropped by Mrs. Rohmer, who asked Mrs. Liverpool how her dwarf cyclamens had fared. The world became as small as this room and as snug as a sock. I was light-headed with bubbly and green with envy of Rohmer's sensible view of his profession. I was sure that if I asked him, this cozy, contented little right-winger would have given me his formula with his good wishes, but it wouldn't have done me any good. There wasn't a romantic bone in his skeleton or a drop of bad blood in his veins or, insofar as I could see, a neurosis in his sweet, bald noggin. He wrote with a Waterman instead of a Sheaffer, as a dowser might prefer a twig of willow to one of hazel as his divining rod. He was a workingman: he was "in"

Jill Krementz

Jean Stafford in New York City—"Eve

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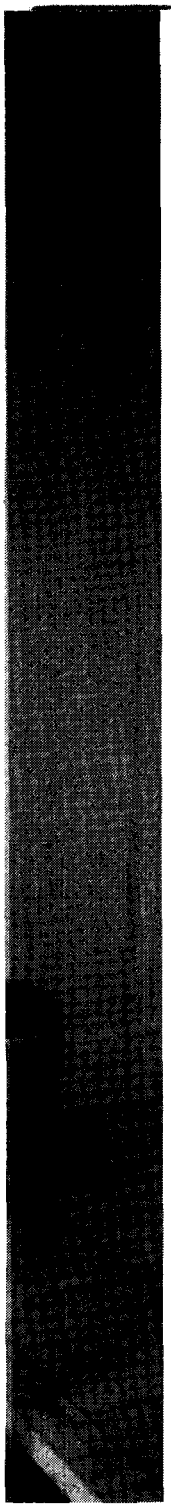

ryteller."

books as his chum was in socks, and as my chum on the western slope of the Colorado Rockies was in beef cattle. I was "in" his racket all right, but I was floundering in deep water and still am, forever uncertain.

Early in the eighteenth century, Addison described the itch to write, "the *cacoethes scribendi*," as being "as epidemical as the smallpox." Today it is as common as lower-back trouble. But in his day, most people were content to write letters and keep diaries and compose epithalamia for the eyes of their friends, for their own eyes, and perhaps for those of their descendants. But now the scribblers are not satisfied to scribble for their own pleasure and enlightenment or that of their grandchildren; they want to get their names in the paper as well and, on the basis of one squib sold to *The Reader's Digest* on "The Most Unforgettable Character I Have Ever Known," to be able to put down "Writer" (or, more often, "Author") as their occu-

ation for the census. Part of the reason, think, for the increase of *cacoethes ribendi* in our time is that, aside from ie profit if you strike pay dirt, there is nimbus of glamour surrounding writ-rs. They give parties that get as much pace in the press as those given by the eautiful People or movie kings and ueens. Their houses are photographed or classy magazines. If they are having ouble at home, a Leonard Lyons spills ie beans; or if they come down with hingles, he lets us know that this is the

"I believe it is now generally agreed that writing cannot be taught, but it can be learned."

reason why they won't be at the National Book Awards ceremonies and not that they are sore because their books weren't even nominated. They appear on television, often in tandem, and cut each other up right nasty. From time to time they even run for public office. Between the beer and skittles, and the performances in bailiwicks other than their own, they write in their spare time. This—*success*, not *achievement*—is what those poor dopes dream about when they enroll in correspondence schools or writers' conferences.

So, alas, do many students who sign up for writing classes in colleges and universities. The term "creative writing" is one I would like to see expunged from the catalogs of all institutions of higher learning. What does it mean? Are we to take it that the opposite of "creative" writing is "destructive" writing? And that an academic degree in writing thereby licenses the holder to practice a specialty? That a board of examiners has found him qualified to write a sonnet or a short story?

I believe it is now generally agreed that writing cannot be taught, but it can be learned. It is learned through the practice of writing in a room with the door closed. But the student who, in class, learns to analyze a story or a novel, to separate its components, and then to see how the author has united them into an infrangible integer may never himself write a publishable piece of fiction, but he will know better what writing is, and his enjoyment of reading—and therefore, of life—will be greatly enriched. It is more fun to watch a tennis match if you know how to play; but even if you don't know how, if you learn the rules, then you can differentiate among the idiosyncratic styles of individual players and be a judicious spectator.

Besides talent, which is not a commodity that can be acquired, there are certain other requirements for being a writer. One of these is drive; another is the expectation of disappointment: the creature born in suffering, the story or the poem or the novel, and then sent into the world to shift for itself may come a total cropper. The committed writer not only must accept the failure but must, as well, vivisect the creature and discover where the disease or the constitutional malfunction lies. And start all over again. Talent, drive, the expectation of disappointment, and the *need* to write are as essential as the need to eat and sleep: these are the weapons of offense and defense that a writer must have. These, and the hope of excellence. We must withstand complacence, and, moreover, we must recognize a paradox in our lives, which can at times be excruciating: while by and large, we are isolated in our own particular work and while ours is a most private endeavor, it is also one of the most exhibitionistic —we publish, we lay ourselves wide open to ridicule or harsh moral judgment, or —oh, lackamercy on us—we are ignored!

Vastly too many books are published, and the blame for this lies heavily on the heads of the publishers. The book industry, as it literally is called—fancy!—is as big and complicated as the automobile or the detergent industries. And its society is as stratified as that of ancient Rome. So the publishers have to make billions of dollars, and therefore they have to publish billions of books, a stunning percentage of which are meretricious rubbish.

I feel very strongly about trees, looking on them as one of the kindest forms of life. Coconut trees can, of course, brain you, and in bad thunderstorms oaks can be struck by lightning and bash in your house. But by and large, trees don't do any harm until they get cut down to be used for the printed word. Think of the forests that have gone into all those awful striptease acts on the psychoanalyst's couch—when the last garment is flung off, there is the same old set of bones, the same old skeleton that belongs in the closet. Think of the acres of Scotch fir and black spruce, of poplar and hemlock and quaking aspen trees, that have been felled for fearless exposés and "serious funky messages," and the lowdown on the shenanigans in the White House kitchen!

It occurs to me with woe and rage that thousands and thousands of trees are being chopped down right now and being made into pulp and the pulp made into paper on which will be written hundreds of worthless and rottenly written books about why we must stop cutting down our trees. □

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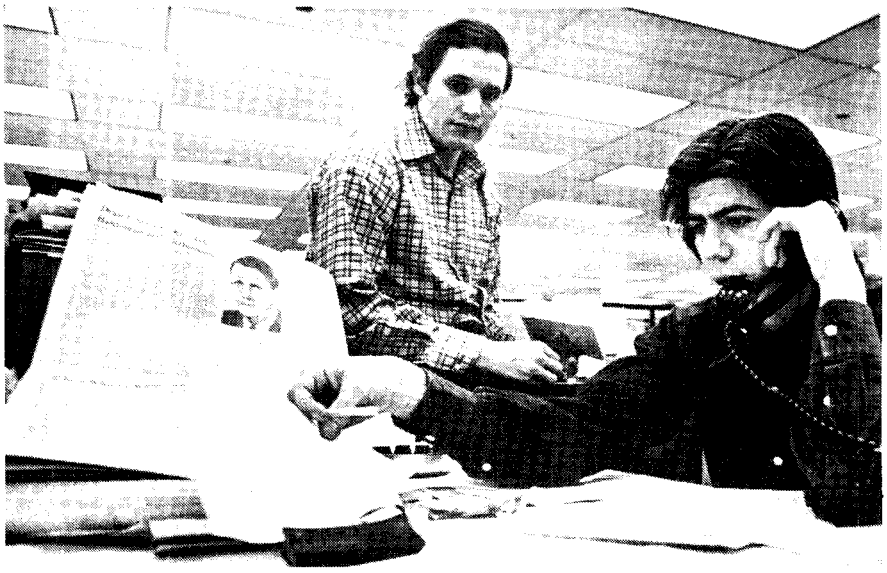
BOOKS

Washington Postscript

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN
by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward
Simon & Schuster, 349 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by John P. Roche



Woodward (left) and Bernstein—"Young men on their first big assignment."

Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward of *The Washington Post* received a Pulitzer Prize for this investigative reporting of Watergate and how it grew (Sen. James Buckley to the contrary notwithstanding) into a crisis of administration. Though Bernstein and Woodward would probably share the Senator's claim that we are engulfed in a "crisis of the regime," the evidence to me is perfectly clear: the antibodies in the bloodstream of the Republic rushed to contain the infection. True, as we shall explore later, the lancing of this infection was done in such a fashion as to make civil libertarians a bit nervous. But nonetheless, as this is written, there it is, in one of the picturesque phrases from the Nixon tapes, "all hanging out."

All the President's Men requires a split-level review. On one level it is an intriguing, sharply written detective story that, once begun, is hard to put down unfinished. What the authors have done is to chronicle the history of their efforts to break open the full dimensions of what was initially described by the Nixon administration as a third-rate burglary. We watch, virtually hypnotized, as one clue leads to another, as a break-in by some "crazy Cubans" implicates first the Committee to Re-elect the President (CREEP) and then increasingly higher figures in the White House.

The more one reads, the more one wonders what world the "President's men" lived in. As Republican zealots proclaim day and night that the Democrats also played dirty tricks, that Woodrow Wilson stole the 1916 election, that Lyndon Johnson cheated at dominoes, I can testify from considerable personal experience that in comparison with CREEP's activities Democratic "black" operations look like fraternity pranks. I recall in the 1964 election, when I was writing set-piece speeches for Hubert Humphrey, that we seemed to have copies of Barry Goldwater's addresses before he did.

This was most convenient since the election scenario called for Lyndon Johnson to confer with God while Humphrey ran against Goldwater—obviously we were loaded five ways every time poor Barry opened his mouth. Similarly, one of our soldiers secured a full set of the "Q & A Cards" that were being distributed to GOP candidates, providing prepackaged replies to questioners. In 1960 the ancient art of forging convention tickets was brilliantly employed by the Stevenson troops to pack the galleries at Los Angeles.

This could continue for pages—notably if I broke open my memory bank on Massachusetts Democratic capers—but the point is that this sort of activity was a quantum jump below the lawless and bizarre behavior of the CREEPy crawlers. I never knew of a political spy who was hired—generally there were volunteers galore. The best summation I have heard was that of an old Boston pol who, nodding his head sadly, observed of CREEP: "These crazy bastards: they've given dirty politics a bad name." I fully expect that within five years the reformers will have a law on our books like the one in Sri Lanka that makes spreading rumors a criminal offense! Before you laugh, recall that New York already has a statute that would, as I read it, forbid the publication of *The Federalist Papers* and similar pseudonymous classic

Everything CREEP touched turne grotesque. Imagine serious men listenir to a proposal that the committee shou subsidize a boatload of whores for th Democratic Convention. And turning down, as I get the story, because it woul have been too expensive! Indeed, there an eerie lunacy about the whole Wate gate syndrome. Why burglarize Dr. Ell berg's psychiatrist? A normal persc would assume that one does not go to a analyst to talk politics. Why break int the Democratic National Committe Anyone with a Group IV Army Gener Classification Test score knew that notl ing of any significance was going c there. A break-in at the Washington zc would have made as much sense. An with Nixon 20 points ahead of M Govern, and ineligible to run in 197 why collect all those satchels full of $1C bills? Given the character of those use in this shakedown, we can assume th money was not designated for widov and orphans. But what was it for?

Or, to shift to another area, why pr pare the "Canuck" letter? It is hardly racial or ethnic smear; indeed, a Can dian hockey team is so named. In an event, the letter had a profound impa because Sen. Edmund Muskie blew h cool and wept in the snow outside th offices of the Manchester, N.H., *Unio Leader*. (Jack Kennedy blew his in 196 on the same subject, but it was in th privacy of his suite—and he eviscerate the paper and its publisher with savag [expletives deleted] rather than weep ing.) But the Muskie development wa sheer political luck; it could never hav been predicted.

Bernstein and Woodward do not cor cern themselves with these matters a they gradually, inch by inch, unravel th

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Watergate web. They were fortunate in having an extremely well-placed anonymous source ("Deep Throat") who broke the trail for them at crucial points, but it was a masterly job of investigation. Occasionally there is a bit of James Bond–style overkill in the book, some melodramatics that seem superfluous (like 2:00 A.M. meetings in underground garages), but they were young men on their first big assignment. (I have always felt that the ideal location for a conspiratorial meeting in Washington, D.C., is the upstairs lounge of the Cosmos Club—rumor has it that a member died in one of the deep chairs and the fact was not noticed for three days!)

Like others, Bernstein and Woodward are puzzled by the insignificant impact the Watergate revelations had on American politics, particularly in the last few months of a presidential campaign. What they fail to realize is that from the time of the Democratic convention the electorate had decided it would put in Genghis Khan rather than George McGovern. As I wrote at the time, the 1972 choice was instinctively seen as one between "thieves and theocrats." The American people made the understandable decision that, while you could put thieves in jail at your leisure, God alone knew what to do with theocrats. The basic wisdom of the populace was indicated by a pre-election poll in which the options were: Nixon, McGovern, or Neither. "Neither" received a plurality! And the subsequent activities of grand juries, judges, and prosecutors suggest that "thieves" can still be disposed of. In short, the electorate exercised what Hegel called the "cunning of reason" and put first things first.

So much for level one. Let us now turn to some of the more disturbing aspects of the Bernstein and Woodward technique. In essence what occurred was the use of the press as a surrogate judicial system. We have seen this before, but when Joe McCarthy was on the prowl, all right-thinking people were condemning "faceless accusers." But what is a confidential source if not a "faceless accuser"? The fact that the information was largely correct is irrelevant to the morality of the technique. Moreover, despite Judge John Sirica's harsh reputation, Bernstein and Woodward got off scot-free when they attempted to suborn a grand juror and revealed the contents of Hugh Sloan's testimony before the grand jury. In Britain they would probably be breaking rocks for a couple of years, and Ben Bradlee, executive editor of *The Washington Post,* would be on his knees at the bar of the House of Commons for publishing their material, apologizing and asking for clemency.

From the book.

Benjamin Bradlee (left) and Katharine Graham, publisher, of The Washington Post.

Admittedly, there are sound arguments for the press's becoming a surrogate judiciary, particularly—as in this instance—when there is reason to believe the government investigators were engaged in a cover-up. But at the same time, "trial by newspaper" clearly undermines the principle of due process of law. This is exacerbated by the fact that since *The New York Times* case (1964), there is virtually no law of libel in the public sector. To put it starkly, if in 1954 I had referred to John Mitchell as a Communist, he could have sued. Today I could call him just about anything and get away with it—providing only that no proof existed that I knew the statement was false when made.

Bernstein and Woodward give us one instance that is relevant. Relying on confidential sources, they named three White House officials as parties to the Watergate cover-up. Then they learned that "the report was incorrect and the decision to rush it into print was a mistake. . . . Three men had been wronged. They had been unfairly accused on the front page of *The Washington Post,* the hometown newspaper of their families, neighbors, and friends." That is, to borrow one of Justice William O. Douglas's favorite antipathies, they had been subjected to infamy. Needless to add, as "public figures" they had no basis for a libel action.

It is commonplace these days to label as a "conservative" any civil libertarian who applies the same standards to the Ervin commission and to the trial of the "Watergate 7" that he did to the Kefauver Committee and the Smith Act trials. (When it last surfaced in my view, the American Civil Liberties Union seemed to be arguing that the United States is unconstitutional.) That risk must be run, and I am prepared to argue that there must be some legal curbs on the activities of "investigative reporters."

There must be some protection, to take the simplest problem, for an individual's right to privacy. Moving on, we come to the issue of pre-trial publicity—which the federal courts have held can invalidate a conviction. And finally, if the Supreme Court persists in its denial of traditional remedies for libel and defamation, some substitute must be invented. That is, unless we are willing to close down the judicial process in political cases and simply turn the press loose as prosecutor, judge, and jury. And the time to worry about this is when the liberals are riding high, not just when a Joe McCarthy or an Un-American Activities Committee dominates the field. The owners of gored oxen have no moral standing as civil libertarians. □

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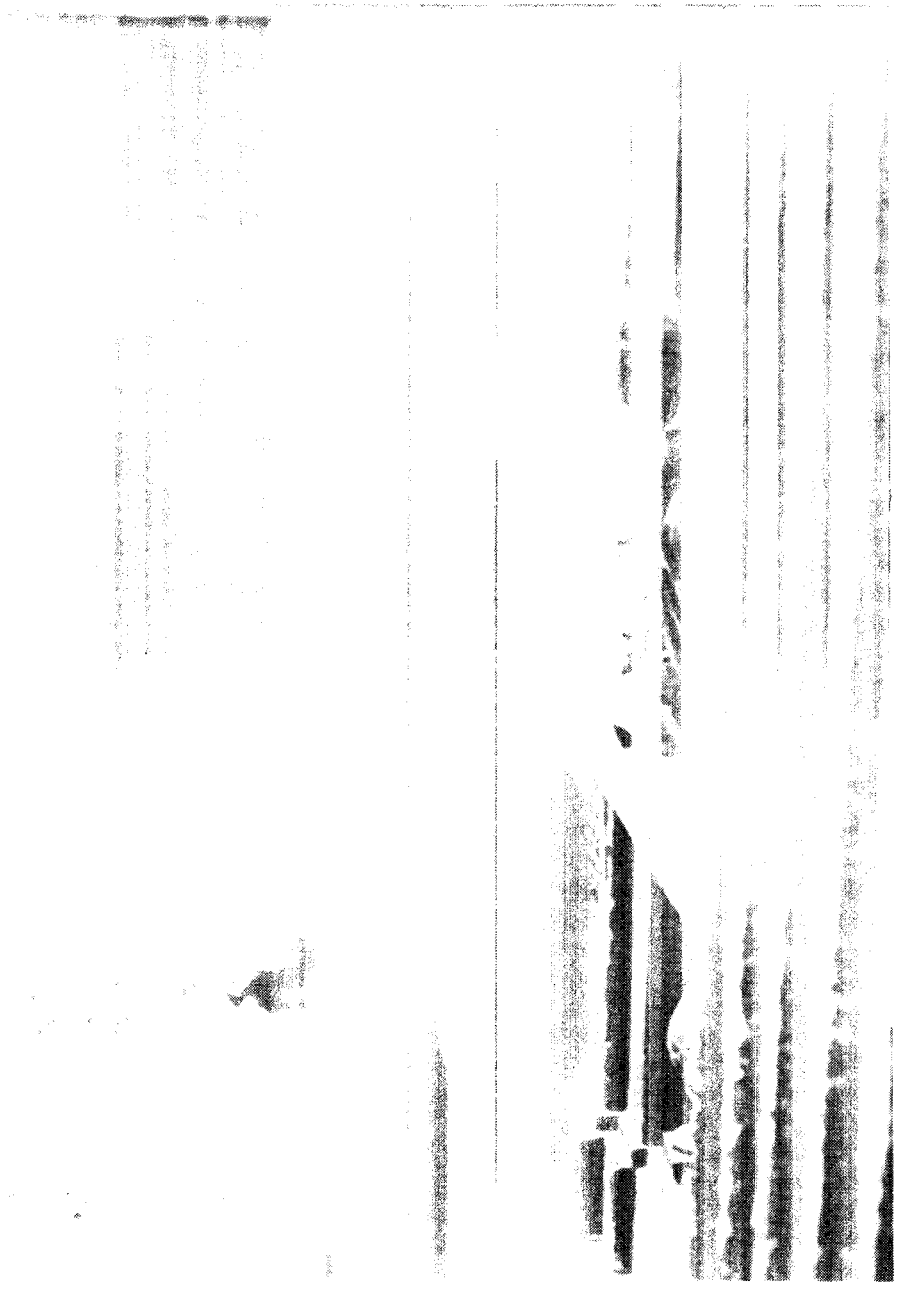
Books

Two Eves in Eden

RETREAT FROM LOVE
by Colette
Translated from the French and with an introduction by Margaret Crosland
Bobbs-Merrill, 284 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by
Charles Lam Markmann



Colette—Ruthless insight, deliberate sentimentality, vibrant lyricism.

She was a sentimentalist, perhaps, and a titillator, certainly—both out of sheer calculation; but she was also an artist, which is another way of saying that Colette was essentially an honest novelist. Whether she ever aspired to be an "influence" is dubious, but even in a writer as far removed from her as the late Albertine Sarrazin, one can see that she was an "influence," both stylistic and psychological. And so it is gratifying to see *La Retraite sentimentale* in English, even if one wishes it were in better English.

Retreat From Love appeared originally in 1907, the translator's slightly tedious introduction tells us. Colette's initial fiction was written wholly independently of her first husband and occasional collaborator, "Willy" (Henry Gauthier-Villars). It is, I suppose, a period piece to anyone for whom the world, cultural and other, was created yesterday or last week, and perhaps that is why the publishers have burdened this admirable short novel with five pages of introduction and two pages of almost entirely unnecessary notes. Such, no doubt, is the power of graduate schools, even in Britain, where, all the internal evidence indicates, this translation originated.

Hence one wishes one had the original at hand, for, like most British translations, this one cloys. It is over-labored, over-mannered, and, occasionally, "cute" in that fashion peculiar to the mother country: "Toby dog follows me. . . ." Matters are not helped by the grafting of American editorial *Schlamperei*, such as *anymore*, the use of *like* as a conjunction, *sometime* for what is obviously "some time" (i.e., *quelque temps*); by indifference to the relation between punctuation and meaning; and by the retention of French words amputated of their diacritical marks. "Quality is always in style," a friend of mine used to hear from a grandfather who had left Poland in the 1880s; one wonders what that old man would say if he could contemplate the 1970s. That extinct institution, the classical education, used to teach translators into English how to confront the French historical present without making a hash of tenses. And the simple knowledge of English that ought really to be mandatory for all writers and editors would prevent atrocities such as this: "Here is the cause of Annie's downfall—and of many, many other women."

The proof of the novel's quality is its triumph over all this. It does not emerge unscarred; nor is it wholly without original blemish. There are the deliberate sentimentalism, the conscious titillation the remnants of creaky nineteenth-century devices ("I went closer to my husband") and clichés ("my young friend felt . . ." or "he was not by my side") but there is also, almost from the first line, art, however flawed; and, as the novel progresses, the flaws diminish, and not merely in one's perception of them as such. For, like every first-rank novelist, Colette was a poet—a word, it is interesting to note, that in both German and Italian is used to mean any artist of excellence and sensitivity.

SHE WAS a witty poet, too. Claudine, the narrator, recalls a visit to Bayreuth early in the century: "I saw again on my

Charles Lam Markmann, a critic, novelist, translator, and journalist, whose latest book is The Buckleys: A Family Examined, *is at work* in situ *on a study of the two German republics.*

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late horrible things *mit Kompott* and
n my glass the mediocre but chilled beer.
saw again the preposterous beds, en-
mies of sleep and love-making, their
heets too short, the mosaic-type mat-
esses in three sections." In two sen-
ences she has epitomized *Gemütlich-
eit* 1900, 1974, and, probably, *in
aecula saeculorum.*

Her story is simple. Claudine, Co-
ette's perennial heroine, is staying in the
ura with a somewhat younger friend,
nnie, who has marital troubles, while
laudine's much older husband, Renaud,
whom she is devoted, is fighting
iberculosis in a Swiss sanatorium. Mar-
el, Renaud's flagrantly homosexual son
y a previous marriage, intrudes him-
elf on the women. Annie being in a
ymphomanic heat (as is so often her
ase), Claudine attempts to pair her off
ith Marcel, as much out of distraction
s anything else—a stupidity that, Clau-
ine soon recognizes, was not only a
lunder but also a wrongful act. Every-
ne, however, survives, and, at the news
hat Renaud is being discharged from
he sanatorium, Marcel leaves. But Re-
aud does not live very long, and the
ovel ends 18 months after his death,
hen a party of Parisian literary and
heatrical friends visits Claudine and is
mbarrassed by the duration and the
uality of her grief—which is never
inted with self-pity. For amateurs of
econd-hand brutality and of vicarious
olymorphous perversity, this probably
n't much. For those who love novels,
is a joy.

The erotic scenes, if that is the ad-
ective, may at times remind one of the
ind of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch
roduct that seemed so exciting when
ne was 16 and the century was less than
wice as old; but the rest is perception
nd poetry. Even so, for sheer liter-
ry merit, to say nothing of aphrodisiac
uality, they are head and shoulders (if
hat is the appropriate metaphor) above
he pomp and puerility of N. Mailer, P.
Roth, J. P. Donleavy, or that arch-priest
f them all, J. Updike. Moreover,
Colette had the intuition, the insight, that
ier successors so largely lack and that
nake the good novelist a good reader of
ouls as well. Not even D. H. Lawrence,
f one may mention him in 1974 with-
ut snickering, saw so clearly into the
uman—not merely the feminine—
syche as when Annie tells Claudine
what she has learned:

The woman who's least protected, the one who gives in the most quickly and the most easily, is the most timid, the most silent, the one who offers neither her shoulder nor her knee to the flirtatious hand, the one who is least conscious of wrongdoing, you understand! She lowers her eyes, she barely answers, she keeps her feet under her chair. Only, if someone places a hand on her forehead to push her backward and sees the expression in her eyes, she's lost. She falls through unawareness of herself, through fear, through fear of being laughed at—yes, Claudine!—and also because she wants it to be over, so that she needn't defend herself any longer; she has the confused notion that by giving way she'll find peace and quiet again immediately afterward. Only it can happen that in committing sin she sees the aim and purpose of life, and then. . . .

Some may smile at words like *wrongdoing* and *falls* and *sin*, but in our tripes we have not changed much in several thousand years. And, *mutatis mutandis*, there is not a word of Annie's exegesis that is not true of men as well—of men who are men, at any rate, and not afraid to look into themselves.

One must dwell somewhat on this and related matters. Claudine and Annie are not virgin of what the inexpressibly impoverished vulgar call "gay" interludes, but they do not pretend, either, that they have discovered homosexuality (or what is so pitifully called bisexuality) and, in so doing, reopen the Garden of Eden. For Colette, who after all was an adult and a European to boot, it was not necessary to sit naked and playing with herself—or anyone else—in public in order to prove her "liberation" and her joy in living. A woman's love for a woman, like a man's for a man, was to her no more and no less admissible, in art or in life, than love between the sexes, which, one is told, stubbornly persists, even if it is less often acknowledged. What is shocking about such passages of hers today, after all the back-fence scribble to which we have been exposed so unrelentingly for so long, is probably its casual understatement. It is the same casual understatement that makes all the more crashing and crushing Claudine's naked insight into Renaud's humiliation on his return—when all he can offer her is the hands, the mouth, and the love for which she will not settle—and her equally ruthless insight into her own rejection of him. This page or two of high tragedy in few and simple words, like the brief allusion to Renaud's death after the event and the incisive passage of the visit and the friends' disappointment at Claudine's fidelity to her grief, more than redeems the few deliberate doses of sentimentality and titillation—there is no salaciousness —and the vague, musty period-piece breaths that now and then momentarily cloud the glass.

Colette was a poet of nature as well as of man, city woman though she was for most of her life. There is nothing grandiose about her landscapes and her mountains, but there is a dense, vibrant lyricism that is, again, the more intense for its discipline. It is as if she had the same empathy for rocks and trees that she had for cats and dogs, whom she understood so well. No one who has lived in and loved mountains can read this novel without a shock, when he puts down the book, at the recognition that he is not back in whatever mountains he loves best. This is no minor debt to owe a writer.

To return to the nagging business of the editor-translator's introduction and notes, devoid of purpose and profit alike: are these perhaps part of the tool kit of that new branch of the instant-education trade that would teach foreign literatures and cultures in translation? One can see no other explanation for them. And one is reminded of nothing so much as someone making love with an audiovisual manual to guide him. □

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Must Encyclopedia Writing Be Stodgy?

by Clifton Fadiman

While the writer, a *Britannica* man, is hardly the proper person to make a judgment, it does seem clear that *Britannica 3,* the new edition of the best-known encyclopedia in the English language, represents an event of singular importance in its field. I have talked with many who have examined the new set. Listening to their strongly favorable comments, one thing that struck me, a literary chap but no scholar, was a certain accent of surprise, even astonishment, at the fact that an encyclopedia with such severe intellectual standards should by and large be so readable.

Intrigued, I decided to find out more about *Britannica 3* (so called for its tripartite construction). Beyond presenting a radically new overall concept in encyclopedia-making, had it also departed to any degree from the rather dry, dull style found in most encyclopedias? To this end I asked the editors to send me a representative batch of articles from the Macropaedia. The Macropaedia is the heart of *Britannica 3:* 19 volumes, 28 million words, 4,200 alphabetically arranged in-depth articles, some as long as two fair-sized books. In pursuit of my little project, I read 99 articles. They totaled about one million words, give or take a few, drawn from the ten parts of human knowledge that form the intellectual matrix of *Britannica 3.*

As I read, I kept in mind several related questions. First, in how many of the 99 will the reader not only find the information he seeks but also discover that he's more than ordinarily interested by what he reads? Are there some articles that are so readable they might have appeared in the pages of a serious magazine? What types of articles are blessed with stylistic grace? What types must by nature restrict themselves to spare and puritanical exposition?

Some further questions: can encyclopedia writing approach the condition of art? Or does its nature make this quite impossible? The common-sense answer is that art and encyclopedia writing exclude each other. But before we surrender to common sense, I ask that we read a short biography from the 1971 edition of *EB,* an edited version of which appears in the Micropaedia (the "ready reference" volumes) of *Britannica 3.*

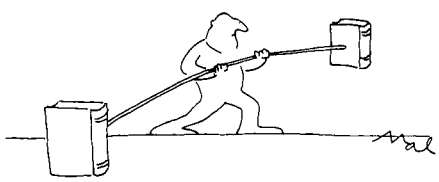
Ross, Harold Wallace (1892–1951), a revolutionary figure in U.S. journalism, founder and first editor of *The New Yorker,* was born in Aspen, Colo., Nov. 6, 1892. He quit high school to become a reporter, and in World War I edited *Stars and Stripes,* the serviceman's newspaper, in France. When he launched *The New Yorker* in 1925 he quickly toppled many conventional literary forms in his quest for ways to capture the contemporary scene in the magazine's pages.

Young new writers and artists, attracted by the rich odor of innovation, were drawn to the magazine. Under Ross's guidance, satire and parody flourished, reporting became light-hearted and searching, humor was allowed to infect everything, biography achieved bold strokes in the "Profiles," the short story enjoyed a reprieve from the heavy burden of plot, and social cartooning became less diagrammatic and more vigorous. In *The New Yorker,* the unknown writer was on equal footing with the established one; the editor sought good writing, not great names. Restless, noisy, consumed by curiosity, driven by a passion for clarity and perfection, Ross spent himself recklessly on each succeeding issue, and with unabating discontent.

Ross died in Boston on Dec. 6, 1951, having to a notable extent changed the face of journalism in his time. (E.B.W.)

These few words were written, not by a scholar, but by the gifted essayist E. B. White. I submit that, considering their limited purpose, they comprise, as encyclopedia writing goes, a small work of art. Bowing to the rules, they still contrive to do more than convey information. In the tiny space allotted, they galvanize the subject, engage the mind, and please the ear. Were it possible to compose all of the *Britannica* in prose of this quality, reading it would be a delight. But, of course, it is not possible.

Are there any approaches to such an ideal?



The most resistant area is the exac sciences, and among these, preemi nently mathematics. One cannot clain that the mathematical articles reek witl charm. However, I flushed one para mathematical example — CONSTANTS PHYSICAL—which, though unexpectedly unconcessive, is aerated by cunning ex amples and comparisons that bring a refractory subject home, if not to men' bosoms, at least to their imaginations Apropos "the uncertainty factor," we ar told that in some cases it "correspond to determining the distance from Nev York to San Francisco to within one tenth the thickness of this page." Sucl "journalism" is by tradition non-en cyclopedic. It keeps the average intelli gent reader courteously in mind. Simi larly, a reference to Ohm's Law i followed by the simple textbook defini tion: "current equals voltage divided b resistance." This device, the appositiona crutch, is used with some consistency throughout *Britannica 3.*

In encyclopedia prose an opening sentence too dense or uncertain may a once derail the reader, just as a final on too abrupt or inconclusive may leav him unsatisfied. An arresting opening generalization should appeal to the gen eral reader, not the specialist, an should attractively introduce what ma be a sizable subject matter. ANIMALS AND PLANTS IN MYTH AND LEGEN starts: "Man has always been fascinate by the problem of boundaries: what dis tinguishes him from another man; wha marks off his culture from another what the dividing lines are between ma and other beings—*i.e.,* plants, animals or the gods."

Yet the opening sentence need not b neon-lit. "Relativity is concerned witl measurements made by different ob servers moving relative to one another' is non-intimidating and perfect (RELA TIVITY). Indeed this whole article, th equations cut to a minimum, is a goo example of an abstruse subject treate not with simplicity but with clarity Sometimes, however, a spare simplicity works well. It would be hard to improv on the opening sentence of THOREAU HENRY DAVID: "Thoreau's greatnes lies in the power of his principal ideas.' (The entire article is interesting for it grave, almost melancholy, accent, fre of sentimentality or hero worship though Thoreau is currently a cult fig ure.) Or an opening sentence may lur through a touch of paradox: "It is a

(Continued on page 26.)

Clifton Fadiman is Senior Editor of Cricket: The Magazine for Children *and one of the Board of Editors of the* Britannica.

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CONTEST RULES

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review/World and members of their families.
2. Pictures, which convey a feeling of travel, must have been taken after May 30, 1973, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. *Color photographs*
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 unmounted.
   d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 50 cents in stamps or coins. Do not send self-addressed envelopes.
5. Saturday Review/World reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted whether winners or not.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two entries (black-and-white and/or color) to this magazine's Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1974 to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES MAY BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality, originality in choice and treatment of subject, and the sense of travel they reflect. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a prize, the entrant must sign a statement that he is not, and has never been, a professional photographer, that the picture(s), or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 11, 1975. Saturday Review/World retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

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Opel. It doesn't need a lot of gas to be exciting.

The Germans are a demanding people. They expect perfection of most things—themselves, their work, their products, and of course, the automobiles they drive. And more often than not, they get it. Or at least come close.

From the country that gave you the Gullwing and the economy import

It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the fastest, most powerful cars in history have come from Germany. It is also not surprising that some of the most frugal, gas-pinching cars are likewise German in origin.

The optimum compromise: economy *and* spirit

It is equally logical that a proven best seller in such a nation must embody a combination of both. Performance *and* economy. Emotion *and* frugality. Art *and* Science.

The Opel Manta Rallye is such a blend. Its precision 1.9 liter, cam-in-head 4-cylinder engine and 4-speed transmission allow it to cope handily with the rigors of the German Autobahn. And for urban situations, there's an automatic transmission available. But in either case, the powerplant is fundamentally rugged and simple. Hence, maintenance and fuel consumption are held to practical minimums.

Old World practicality

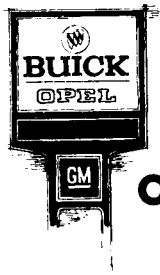
Virtually everywhere you look, Manta Rallye is an exercise in sound, no-nonsense thinking. The hood is painted a businesslike flat-black, for efficiency as well as looks. The instrumentation is as sensuous to the eye as it is plentiful to watch. A large tachometer checks engine speed, and there are warning lights and gauges for amps and oil pressure. The front seats, in best German fashion, recline individually at the twist of a knob. And the steering wheel carries a skin of soft vinyl.

It works

The total effect is that of function. The car looks like it works. And it does work. It works because of things like front and rear stabilizer bars in the suspension and an efficient forced-air ventilation system. It works because of power front disc brakes and dozens of other things, little and big, that help make it a genuine pleasure to drive. It works because, well, it *has* to, to be the best selling car in Germany the past two years.

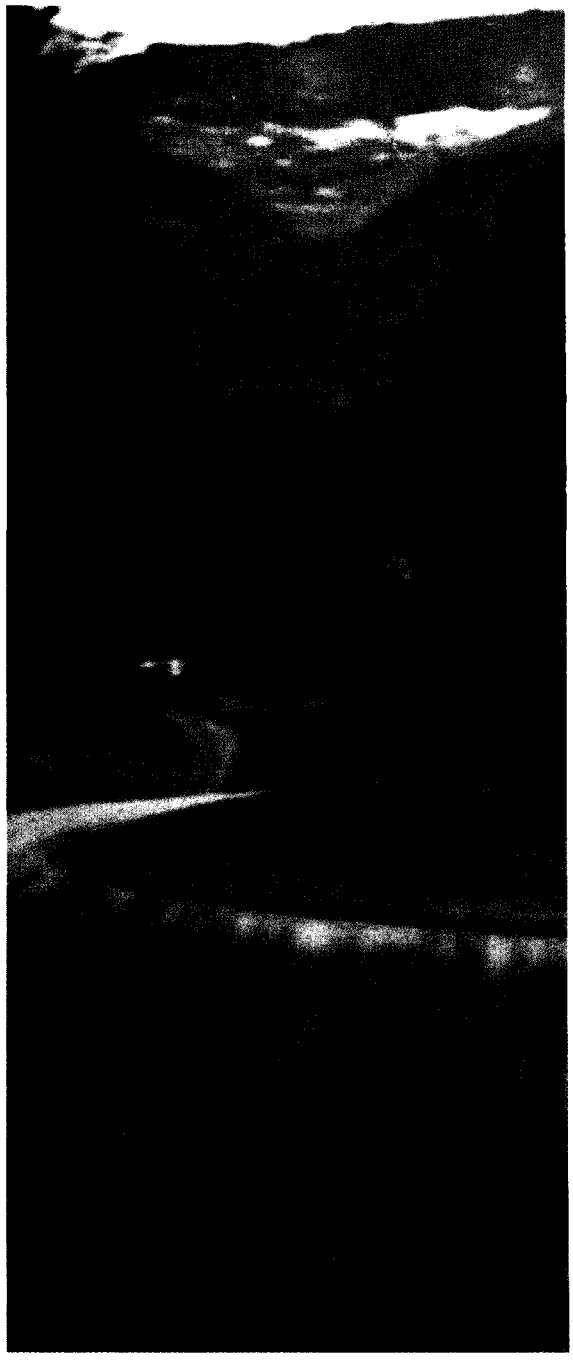
And the price?

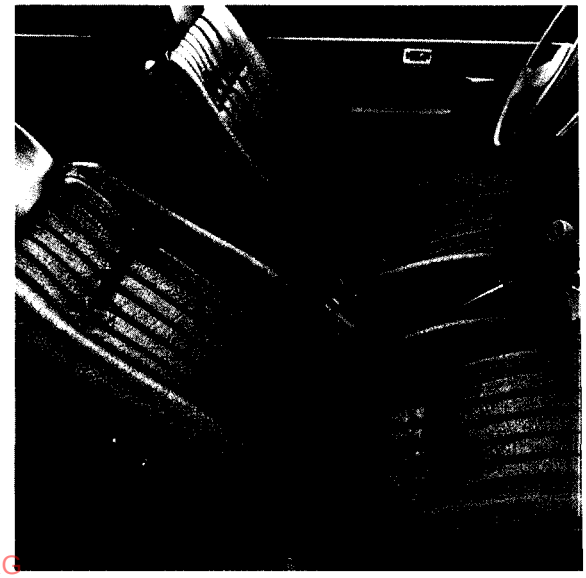
The price of an Opel Manta Rallye in America is $3,584.22,* including road wheels, special instrumentation, and radio. The standard Manta Coupe is priced at $3,298.50,* the Manta Luxus and Opel Sportwagon at $3,535.50* and $3,521.50,* respectively. See and drive one at any of more than 2,200 Buick/Opel dealers throughout America.



**Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, including dealer new vehicle preparation charges, other optional equipment, state and local taxes and transportation charges from Port of Entry are additional*

Opel. A proven best seller in Germany.





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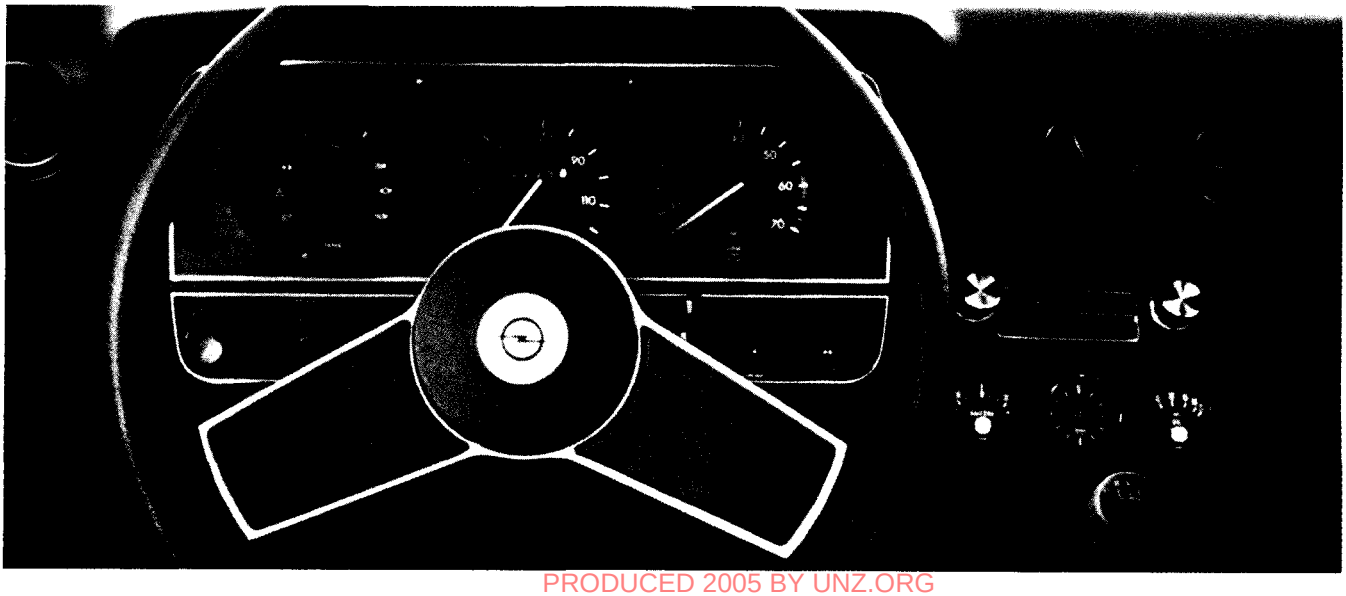

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(Continued from page 22.)
curious fact, but true, that man's age-long observation of birds in flight impeded, rather than accelerated, the development of manned flight."

The sentence just quoted introduces FLIGHT, HISTORY OF. It then continues with a charming section on legendry called "Flights of Fancy," an acknowledgment, frequent in *Britannica 3*, that the "facts" are incomplete unless they include human beliefs, guesses, and maybes. This flexible approach to knowledge, for example, makes ALCHEMY in some ways the most fascinating of the 99 articles studied. It sets in serious perspective a complex and fertile cultural tradition that 40 years ago might have been scorned by academic authority. Notable too—and novel—is the treatment given to Chinese and Indian alchemy. (One odd bit: "Adolf Hitler is said to have kept gold makers, on the chance of improving the treasury of Nazi Germany.") ALCHEMY is one of a number of important articles that, however cautiously, veer away from the traditional encyclopedia style, with its overriding emphasis on the lifeless accumulation of accepted facts.

PROTESTANTISM, while non-controversial and solidly scholarly, introduces a quiet, evaluative note of candor, considering, in its closing passages, the possibility of "the end of the Protestant Era." These may seem small matters, but to the professional worker in the field they reflect a shift in encyclopedia style toward a more humanized view of knowledge, which makes easier the infusion of grace, personality, even (though still rarely) humor.

Consider for the moment only the area of biography—it is pleasing to find how often humanity keeps breaking in. Prof. Paul Kendall, in his first-rate discussion of BIOGRAPHICAL LITERATURE, writes: "Techniques of research and general rules for testing evidence can be learned by anyone and thus need involve comparatively little of that personal commitment associated with art." Encyclopedia biographers are as a rule wary of "personal commitment," and perhaps properly so. For them "enthusiasm" is to be conceived in its eighteenth-century meaning. Yet one can hardly read Malcolm Cowley's treatment of FAULKNER, WILLIAM, without becoming aware that you are getting something that goes beyond the facts. Cowley, a non-academic, is obviously a master of his subject, but he does not permit his thorough knowledge to stiffen his style. It is lively, even informal, "open" to one who knows nothing of Faulkner.

Normally encyclopedias reflect accepted literary judgments. We do not expect, nor should we, idiosyncratic insights. In Joyce Tompkins's BRONTE FAMILY there is no eccentricity, but there are observations over which the eye does not merely glide, such as the characterization of *Wuthering Heights* as "the first social revolutionary novel." Unusual, too, is the attention paid to the presentation of Martin Luther's inner conflicts in the article devoted to that major figure. Other biographies that actually draw the reader into some felt relationship with the subject are: SMITH, ADAM; JEREMIAH, devoid of the dullness associated with Biblical exegesis; MICHELSON, A.A., in which the author is compelled to handle a figure personally rather uninteresting; and BOAS, FRANZ.

Among the 99 articles I studied, I found many encouraging indications of a new awareness, a new sense of educational responsibility. The very first sentence of ENGLAND offers both a fact and a basic idea: "England is the predominant part of the United Kingdom, yet constitutionally it does not exist." The article humanizes its approach with quotations from Gerard Manley Hopkins, Tacitus, Charles II, Samuel Johnson, Langland, Shakespeare, Auden. When the English climate is described, effective allusion is made to Constable and Turner. The approach is truly catholic: far more attention is given than ever before to England's cultural life and on the general outlook of "Englishness." We are not reading a summary. Rather, we seem to be listening to a first-rate professor, well-mannered, on terms of affection with his subject, but with no trace of chauvinism. ENGLAND is, I believe, one of the best "country" articles in the set. More conventional in its standard emphasis on politics is FRANCE SINCE 1815. Yet even here a vivid, pithy, reflection-arousing sentence will emerge: "The July revolution was a monument to the ineptitude of Charles X and his advisors." These are major "country articles." As a sample of a superior treatment of a minor geographical area, I refer the reader to

SOLZHENITSYN

"I think that few people having read this book would be the same as when they opened its first page. In this respect, it seems to me that nothing in Russian or world literature can compare with it."
—*Roy Medvedev*

The GULAG Archipelago

Translated by Thomas P. Whitney

Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817

At bookstores $12.50 cloth, $1.95 paper

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EASTER ISLAND, and again note that the author, Thor Heyerdahl, is a non-academic.

It would seem impossible to use the word *delightful* in connection with encyclopedia prose. Yet there are several pieces on cities that almost merit the adjective. I am thinking of three in particular. LENINGRAD is written by a woman, Mme. Elena Doroshinskaya. (Ten of my 99 samples, or about 10 percent, bear female names, not yet enough, but a step in the right direction.) It breathes warmth, even love, of a very great city; yet it never fails to provide all the hard-core information one should expect. A non-academic, Blake Ehrlich, has done (I believe) 15 "city articles" for *Britannica 3*. I recommend, as a sample of a new approach in this interesting subject area, his EDINBURGH, in which the educational device of the anecdote and the art form of the essay are neatly modified to suit encyclopedia requirements. The most attractive city article I encountered is also by a working journalist, John D. Weaver, whose LOS ANGELES is honest, lively, amusing, and dotted with illuminating quotations from surprising sources: Richard Henry Dana, Aldous Huxley, Willard Huntington Wright, Raymond Chandler, Father Juan Crespi. Weaver is not afraid to use language that sticks in the mind: "The city is grotesquely shaped, like a charred scrap of paper." Is this encyclopedia writing? Not by the usual standards. Is it nonetheless an effective kind of minor art? I think it is. I would add that such art is possible even in dealing with material of high-order abstraction. How memorable, in LANGUAGE, is the sentence: "The material of speech is a waste product, spent air, exploited to produce perhaps the most wonderful by-product ever created." And in the generally uncompromising prose of SEX AND SEXUALITY we come upon such a charming passage as this: "The mating of birds represents copulation in its simplest form, without benefit of significant anatomical devices. Bird wings are a poor substitute for arms in a sexual embrace."

I CONCLUDE BY NAMING four examples that, as wholes, seem to me to be possible classics—articles combining high informative value, high educational value, permanence of appeal, and style that is personal without eccentricity. There may be, in the 19 volumes of the Macropaedia, many more than these four. But four out of 99 is an encouraging proportion.

The first (again by a non-academic, Arthur Koestler) is HUMOR AND WIT. I believe this comes quite close to being a true work of art. In a non-encyclopedia mood, one can read it with vast pleasure, and if one is seeking basic information, it is findable in plenty. Koestler stresses his own theory, turning on his now-famous notion of "bisociation," but he conscientiously and neutrally lists all other notable theories. Sentence after sentence, without falling into journalistic smartness, is memorably epigrammatic: "Laughter is a reflex but unique in that it has no apparent biological purpose. One might call it a luxury reflex." What gives the discussion added richness (one finds this sort of thing fairly frequently in *Britannica 3*) is his comment on factors not usually associated with his subject: the relation of wit and humor to art and science, for example. Equally non-traditional is the treatment of primitive, or what he calls "pre-historic," humor, together with a brief but enlightening description of non-Western varieties of humor.

My second nominee for classic status is NOVEL, again by a non-academic, Anthony Burgess. The article, virtually a short book, is brilliant. There is a notable break with the conventional encyclopedia approach: "It is the purpose of this article to consider the novel not solely in terms of great art but also as an all-purpose medium catering to all the strata of literacy." When Burgess sets down, as of course he must, received ideas, they are often expressed, not merely with encyclopedia economy but also with non-encyclopedia wit: "Proust, though he recorded French patrician society with painful fidelity, had little influence on it, and it is hard to think of Henry James disturbing the universe even fractionally." The received ideas, however, do not dominate: Burgess contrives somehow to leaven a generally accepted analysis of his subject with thoughtful personal judgments: *War and Peace* is greater than *Tom Jones* "not because its theme is nobler, or more pathetic, or more significant historically; it is because Tolstoy brings to his panoramic drama the compression and urgency usually regarded as the monopolies of briefer fiction." Burgess, too, is a master of that necessary but never quite satisfying encyclopedia device, the thumbnail summary: "Aldous Huxley . . . , though he indulged in formal experiment in *Point Counterpoint* and *Eyeless in Gaza*, was always essentially a didactic writer who used the novel form somewhat casually." Finally, Burgess, in love with his subject, dares an unorthodox but inspiring conclusion: the novel will flourish "because it is the one literary form capable of absorbing all the others."

My third candidate is also a non-academic: Roy McMullen, author of ARTS, STYLE IN THE. The hard fact is that the larger part of even the finest encyclopedia must be read mainly for its content. The magic preservative called style (which we can always recognize but never define) is rarely to be found. Mr. McMullen remarks, "It is hard to imagine anyone still reading much of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Edward Gibbon, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Thomas Carlyle, or John Ruskin for content alone." Mr. McMullen may be read for content—scholarly, wide-ranging, beautifully organized—or for style—firm-textured, graceful, allusive, lucent.

Finally, I commend to the reader Jacques Barzun's lengthy and basic article, EUROPEAN CULTURE SINCE 1800. Of my four "classics," this is the only one written by an academic—a circumstance from which no sweeping conclusion need be drawn. Professor Barzun has never been able to write textbook prose. His books, whether scholarly or semi-popular, have no smell of the lamp. Here he handles a complex subject matter in such manner as truly to educate, as well as to inform. His work is a model of the kind of encyclopedia writing that reaches the highest level mere exposition can attain. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 25
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 56.

Spring warms — — — — — —,
though northern ponds still freeze.
The — — — — — — mate, then
plunder their soft breasts
So that their offspring may — — —
— — — at ease,
Warmed in the downy linings of their
nests.

A.S.

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Books in Brief

EISENHOWER: PORTRAIT OF THE HERO
by Peter Lyon
Little, Brown, 937 pp., $15.00

Mr. Lyon's lengthy portrait of Dwight David Eisenhower is an extraordinary achievement, a work so evocative of the man and the world war that was the setting of his greatest triumph, as to make the reader feel it all again with an almost unnatural immediacy. Eisenhower's character is steadfast and clear: he was a man of cheerful disposition and great self-confidence, a combination the world found irresistible, particularly as it reposed in the supreme commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force in Europe. Mr. Lyon's achievement—and it is advanced in no small way by the splendid urbanity of his prose—is that he has made an absorbing character of a man of relatively simple nature, one whom history nevertheless cast in the role of a hero. He has done it in part by clothing the man in the drama of historical events. It is a captivating work precisely because of the tensions that are established between the character of Dwight Eisenhower and the grand scheme in which that character operated. He did not know what to do in the plush hotels of London, where he was billeted upon receiving command of the Overlord operation. He lost his temper with aides who provided him with sofa pillows that had cost $40 each, on the grounds that the taxpayers would, and rightly, be shocked if they knew how their money was being spent.

It is a thickly anecdotal work, and not an uncritical one. It takes the measure of its subject calmly, and without passion; yet there is a feelingness beneath the surface that unifies the vast number of facts here, in the way that it is given to biography to do when it takes on the work of literature. Part of literature's work is the creation of character, in which effort Mr. Lyon has been richly successful.

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NOT AS A LAMB
by Lucien Steinberg
Translated by Marion C. Hunter
Saxon House, 358 pp., $12.50

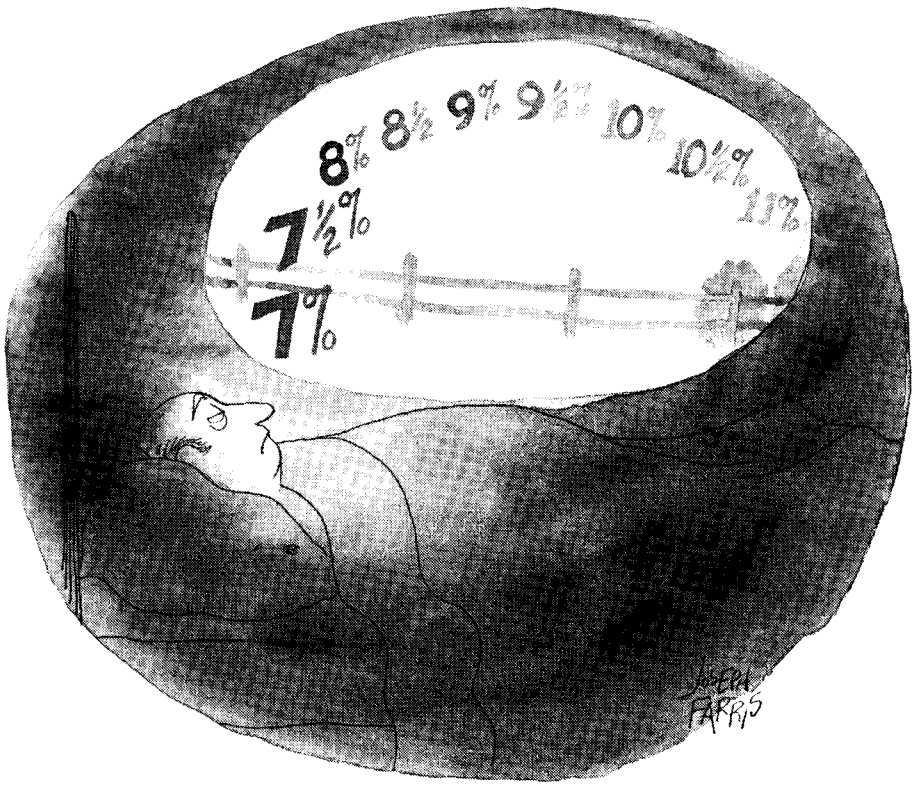
Mr. Steinberg, a French journalist, has put together a compelling study of the Jewish resistance against the Nazis. Country by country, he has documented in brief the condition in which the Jews found themselves before the occupation by the Germans, and then he has documented the forms Jewish resistance took in each. Mr. Steinberg seems to have willed himself into restraint, on occasion, as regards the attitudes of the occupied countries toward the final solution, and sometimes, as in the case of the Vatican's response, that restraint is uneasy. Mr. Steinberg's work is to document the fact that Jewish resistance existed everywhere in Europe, despite the learned essays put forth by those who were in no position to know, stating that the Jews of Europe facilitated their slaughter by putting up no resistance. There was armed resistance in every country. The fact that the resisters were doomed to failure was not surprising, considering the armed might of the machine they fought, their isolation, and their lack of arms. In Algiers alone, the mainly Jewish resistance group prepared the way for the successful Allied landings and themselves scored a notable military coup. In his moving conclusion, Mr. Steinberg quotes the words of the Duke of Orange, spoken four centuries ago: "It is not necessary to hope in order to undertake; nor to succeed in order to persevere." There is nothing rosy in Mr. Steinberg's documentation. It is a recitation of facts against three decades of uninformed speculation and blasphemy against the dead, a work of stark power and a necessary one.

•

MY DAYS
by R. K. Narayan
Viking, 186 pp., $8.95

Mr. Narayan is a short-story writer and the author of ten novels set in the imaginary town of Malgudi. Now he is a memoirist as well, having written, in a charming if loose fashion, these recollections of a boyhood in India. He was the son of a rather strict schoolmaster father and next to the youngest in a family overpopulated by children. The first half of the memoir, particularly those parts that deal with early memories, is full of interesting matter and a pleasing sort of wit. The second half lacks coherence and seems to have been put together rather in a hurry, as though Mr. Narayan, who is no longer a youth, had decided not to waste time further giving form to the formless. Nevertheless, as memoirs go, this is an interesting one, if only for the substance of the first half.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ



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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Maverick

Samuel Menashe is a maverick whose personality and approach have managed to alienate him from just about everybody in the poetry world over the past ten years. However, to their dismay, they'll find he's quite good, and in his poems he does very much his own thing. The book will be *To Open,* coming from Viking on July 18. The poems are all short and packed; take the title poem, "Spokes slide/Upon a pole/Inside/The parasol," or a longer one called "April":

It is the sun that makes us smile
It is the sun and spring has come
Soon it will reach Norway
Her wooden villages wet
Laughter in each rivulet

Rebel Actor

We've recently had a personal reminiscence of Marlon Brando by an old buddy; now a veteran Hollywood writer, Bob Thomas, has come up with a full-scale biography, *Marlon: Portrait of the Rebel as an Artist* (Random House, July 19). You've heard most of it before: stunning Broadway success, Hollywood beckoning, stunning Hollywood success, personal (wife) problems, a string of miserable movies, two monumental successes, and here we are. And there's much about fun-loving, publicity-hating Brando, who has always seemed to me an interesting and admirable figure. Here's what he says about his ilk:

After dealing with actors as director of *One-Eyed Jacks,* he remarked in a baleful mood, "Acting by and large is an expression of a neurotic impulse. I've never in my life met an actor who was not neurotic—not that it's bad to be neurotic. It's just not satisfying. Once you've developed the faculty, you can continue being an actor long after you're too neurotic to be anything else. Every time I talk to an actor, I ask what he enjoys. The answers include none of the things that you would expect. The answers are pathetic. They start out general—'It gives me pleasure to act'; 'I can express myself on stage and I am unable to do so in life'; 'I can communicate'; 'I like to be appreciated.' Those are all stock neurotic answers. I think the truth is that actors are actors because it gives them sustenance for their narcissism. Acting enables them to experience a false form of love and attention, the same kind of attention given any exhibition. The fact is the actor is released from the confinement of neurotic inhibitions by being, so to speak, the part he plays.

"Acting is a bum's life in that it leads to perfect self-indulgence. You get paid for doing nothing, and it all adds up to nothing."

During and Until

Here's a long and elaborately written novel, *The Adventures of Don Juan,* by Richard Gardner (A Richard Seaver Book, Viking, July 25). There never was a Don Juan, but the author claims that had there been, he would have been just such a neurotic, silly fellow as his hero. Don's secret of success can be explained by two words that were new to me: *cunctation* and *abarcy.* My *OED* tells me that the former is "the action of delaying" and the latter, "insatiableness." Well, no *wonder!* There are other interesting words throughout: *comroguery, philadelphy* (yes, brotherly love), *perfuncturate.* Two short quotes: "Rape . . . is more often than not only social ineptitude resulting from an imperfect knowledge of women"; and "How simple life has suddenly become, with time reduced to only two kinds: during and until." The scene is seventeenth-century Spain, and the action is dueling, assuming disguises, fornicating, performing miracles—what you'd expect, but really well written.

Safe Blue Yonder

When it comes to air travel, I must be regarded as belonging to the white-knuckle school of passenger; so there's some reassurance for me in *This Is Your Captain Speaking,* by Capt. Thomas M. Ashwood, which Stein & Day will publish in August. In a rather clumping prose, the good captain strokes our fevered brows, murmuring, "Now, now, it will be all right; flying is the safest way to travel." He backs up what I always say to myself before takeoff: remember, the pilot wants to live, too. Tells all about how a plane is constructed, what makes it get off the ground, what the pilot and his aides do, how the stewardesses are really a fine bunch of highly moral ladies. Some tips on where to sit for maximum comfort and safety, how to get the most attention for your money (call the reservations agent during his slack period, between midnight and 7:00 A.M. or between 5:30 and 6:30 P.M.), how much pilots make (around $60,000), and why they're worth every penny of it.

New From the Old Master

There's no doubt that P. G. Wodehouse is old: he's in his early nineties. And there's no doubt that he's the Master—that no contemporary writer would dispute. He comes on the line with a new novel each year, and the title for 1974 is *Bachelors Anonymous* (Simon & Schuster, August). As with all Wodehouse books, this teems with plot, all along the lines of boy-meets-girl, and the humor runs rampant: "How much does money matter to you, Joe?" "Very little. Dross, I sometimes call it." And, "He went out for a walk, looking like a rainy Sunday in Pittsburgh." And, "At the words 'marry again' Mr. Llewellyn shuddered strongly, like a blancmange in a high wind." Although Mr. Wodehouse has been in this country for more years than I have age, Briticisms still creep through. Who here, speaking of taking a girl out, would say, "I'm giving her dinner tonight"? □

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OPEN MIND

discusses

"THE LIMITS OF HUMAN FREEDOM"

What are the boundaries which by necessity surround man- but within which he remains free and powerful.

Participants include behaviorist psychologist B. F. Skinner, Harvard University; Father Eugene C. Kennedy, Loyola University; and philosopher Charles Frankel, Columbia University.

Produced by WPIX, New York, in cooperation with Saturday Review/World, and moderated by

Richard D. Heffner,

Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Pays to Advertise

Charlotte Henkel
Classified Advertising Manager
SR/W

Dear Ms. Henkel:

This is a letter from a satisfied user of your product, the classified and personal ads. Several months ago, I placed such an ad here, saying that I was a moonlighting lecturer longing for an audience to lecture to. I am happy to report that the response to that ad was instant and plentiful.

It was a piteous and tear-stained piece, headlined "Job Wanted," describing how my former booking agent, after three years, had suddenly found me unbookable, leaving me feeling unspeakably dispirited and unwanted. "Mr. Nixon, move over," is how I felt.

But one week later I received an avalanche of 12 letters from groups inviting me to speak.

Now, Ms. Henkel, 12 letters may seem to you a slightly underwhelming response. But let me tell you that each of them was balm for my dejection, anodyne for my spirits, and ointment to revivify the roses in my cheeks. To say nothing of elixir for my purse.

Except for one letter. That was from Michael and Colleen Prahl of Ottawa, Ontario. "Unfortunately," Mr. Prahl wrote, "our group is very selective, consisting solely of my wife and me. Therefore, we have no budget as such to speak of. But needless to say, we still remain a ready and willing audience for you at such time when the urge to speak to someone becomes too great for you to hold back any longer."

Well, sir, and ma'am, although I am inexperienced in the booking-agency business of wheeling and dealing for lecture budgets, I could tell almost at a glance that "no budget as such," what with taxis to and from airports, and plane fares, and overnight lodging, could result in a very non-profit-making venture.

To speak before a group with "no budget as such" is, I think, over-reacting to the principle that "talk is cheap." I am a reasonable man when it comes to budgets for lectures, as flexible as Henry Kissinger when it comes to negotiations.

But Mr. and Mrs. Prahl, with your "no budget as such," do you honestly believe the Founding Fathers had my lectures in mind when they wrote the First Amendment on free speech?

As any lecturer on the circuit will tell you, all booking agents are against free speech. My last agent was against free speech.

The reason lecture bureaus ask hefty fees for their clients is that they enjoy receiving hefty commissions. Thirty-five percent is the going rate. But since I'm in business for myself, no agent, I have become a bargain-basement lecturer. Or mail-order lecturer. The savings go to the lucky consumers who get me while this clearance sale lasts. It lasts only till 1980.

Well, Ms. Henkel, the other 11 customers rushed to take advantage (and I mean they took advantage) of my shameful and continuing availability on the lecture circuit, brought on by that old economic bugaboo, the big gap between supply and demand.

In due time they were all serviced, and I have happy recollections of our meetings. Even one very small outfit that wrote saying they were not rich, but were all readers of *SR/W* and they never missed my column and they would surely enjoy the pleasure of listening to me at their pizza luncheon. In their case, flattery counted, and I offered myself at a budget I don't care to speak of publicly.

Among the others was the Alec Jordan annual conference of editors of important technical and business magazines; another was a talk at the University of Missouri at Kansas City; and another, at the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Association of Greater Kansas City.

IF YOU'RE WONDERING how I ever got to speak to the Phi Beta Kappas, I can only quote from the invitation extended me by Mr. Howard Barnes of Shawnee, Kansas, a past president of the society: "Although we do not object to being informed, we do *not* relish scholarly dissertations." So they chose me.

The insults you have to take to be a big hit on the lecture circuit.

Now, Ms. Henkel, if you are asking if I really was a big hit, I was. If you had been there to hear an hour of live, lively laughter, you would realize how superficial that question is. Like asking John Cameron Swayze if he has the correct time. □

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

Everybody, it seems, is fascinated with what the next person gets—in salary. *New York* magazine has for years published names and numbers, and this year *Forbes* magazine really went all out—it published the "total remuneration" of no less than 842 of the top drawers. It was enough to make anyone green with envy.

Richard C. Gerstenberg of General Motors headed the list with $938,000. "General Motors," *Forbes* said, "explains it must pay its top man big to make it possible to pay men in the many levels under him on a big scale." That's sure one way of looking at the problem of tightening our belts. Somehow it reminded us of the time when Babe Ruth was criticized for taking for that particular year a salary larger than that of the President of the United States. It did not, however, bother the Babe. "I had a better year than he did," he said.

The Babe was right—the President was Hoover. But when you come right down to it, neither President Nixon nor General Motors would perhaps enjoy similar comparison this year with, say, Reggie Jackson. In any case, second on the list was Henry Ford II, with $879,000. At the same time, the value of Mr. Ford's stock in his company was given as $481,098,000. We're no tax expert, but it seemed to us that Mr. Ford might be able to save his company some cash and himself some taxes by not taking any salary at all, and just scrimping along on the dividends. The way we figured them, last year they came to about $38 million. In all fairness, this includes the whole "Ford family"—immediate family, certain former employees, etc.

Third man on the list was our old friend, Harold S. Geneen of ITT. It's nice to know that "Hungry Hal," as *The Gallagher Report* calls him, hasn't had to go too hungry. He still gets $814,000. Now there's a man who's really having a terrible year. If you don't believe it, ask his stockholders. The only comparable figure we can think of is Charles Luce of Con Ed. His salary is $161,000. The value of his stock is $32,000—or rather, it *was* $32,000.

THERE ARE SOME curious contrasts on the list. Robert Sarnoff of RCA, for example, weighs in with $525,000. But John D. deButts of the biggest company of all—American Telephone and Telegraph—takes only $326,000. One of the oddest salary sagas on the list is that of C. R. Smith of American Airlines. According to *Forbes*, he takes no salary or bonus—in fact, no remuneration at all—and, to top it off, he owns not a single share of stock. He's a tough fellow to assess, all right, but one thing seems certain—whatever he does, if you're a stockholder, you're ahead.

Perhaps the most interesting story is that of A. C. Nielsen, the founder of the A. C. Nielsen Company. The oldest chief executive in point of service—50 years—Mr. Nielsen is nonetheless the head of a company that has a policy of retiring people at 65, except, as he puts it, "the founder-chairman, who just happens to be the controlling stockholder." Mr. Nielsen takes only $97,000 in salary, but he has $64,741,000 worth of Nielsen stock. On the other hand, his employees, the "Nielsen Families," who watch television and send in diaries recording every hour in the week for 168 hours—well, they are paid 50 cents a week. No wonder Mr. Nielsen isn't in any hurry to retire.

HEADLINE OF THE WEEK—as found by Moses Levsky of Bay Harbor Islands, Fla., in the Miami *Herald*:

MILLION U.S. YOTHS ILLITERATE, GOVERNMENT STUDY DISCOVERS

Well, it shouldn't take too long to pinpoint at least one reason.

FOREIGN SOCIAL NOTE—as located by Maria Kane of West Germany in *The Bulletin*, a Belgian newsweekly in English:

The International Clairvoyant Society (Brussels branch) has had to cancel next week's meeting, due to unforeseen circumstances.

Dammit, that's their job.

POLITRICKS AS USUAL—as discovered by Dr. Lloyd Elliott of Lockport, La., who came across it in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*:

DALLAS (AP)—Vice-President Gerald R. Ford said Saturday he has told President Nixon that the government isn't "about to sink." . . . Ford told the group, which half-filled a 5,000-seat coliseum, that the issue in 1974 should not to Watergate but international peach and prosperity at nome.

Well, anyway, it ought to help with the Alaskan vote.

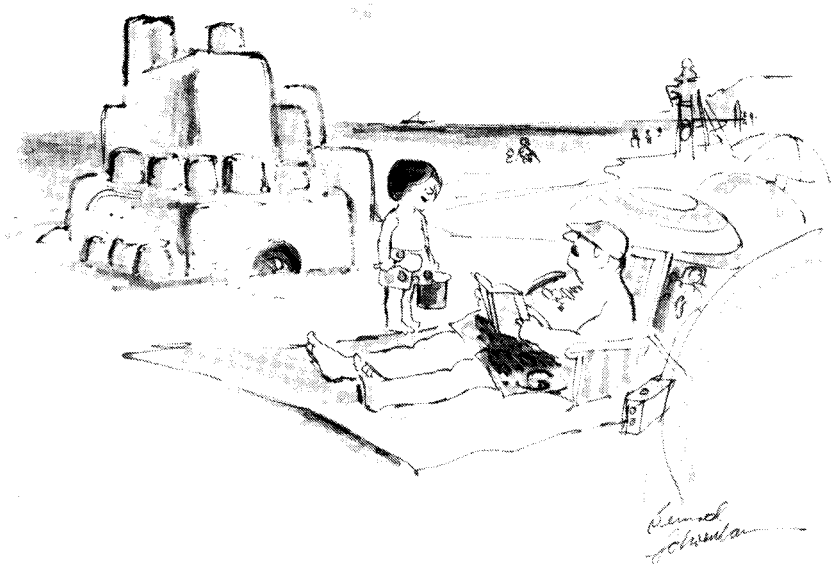
Q AND A—as filed by Peter Greenough from the Hy and Marilyn Gardner syndicated column, "Glad You Asked That," in the *Rocky Mountain News*:

Question: I hear that Marlon Brando's Los Angeles house is very modest—only three rooms. Is this true?

Bertha D.

Answer: No. The tango-dancing godfather lives in a palatial hilltop house with a breathtaking view of Beverly Sills.

Gee, and we thought Marlon had kind of quieted down. □



"Please watch my desalinization plant . . . I'll be back in a minute."

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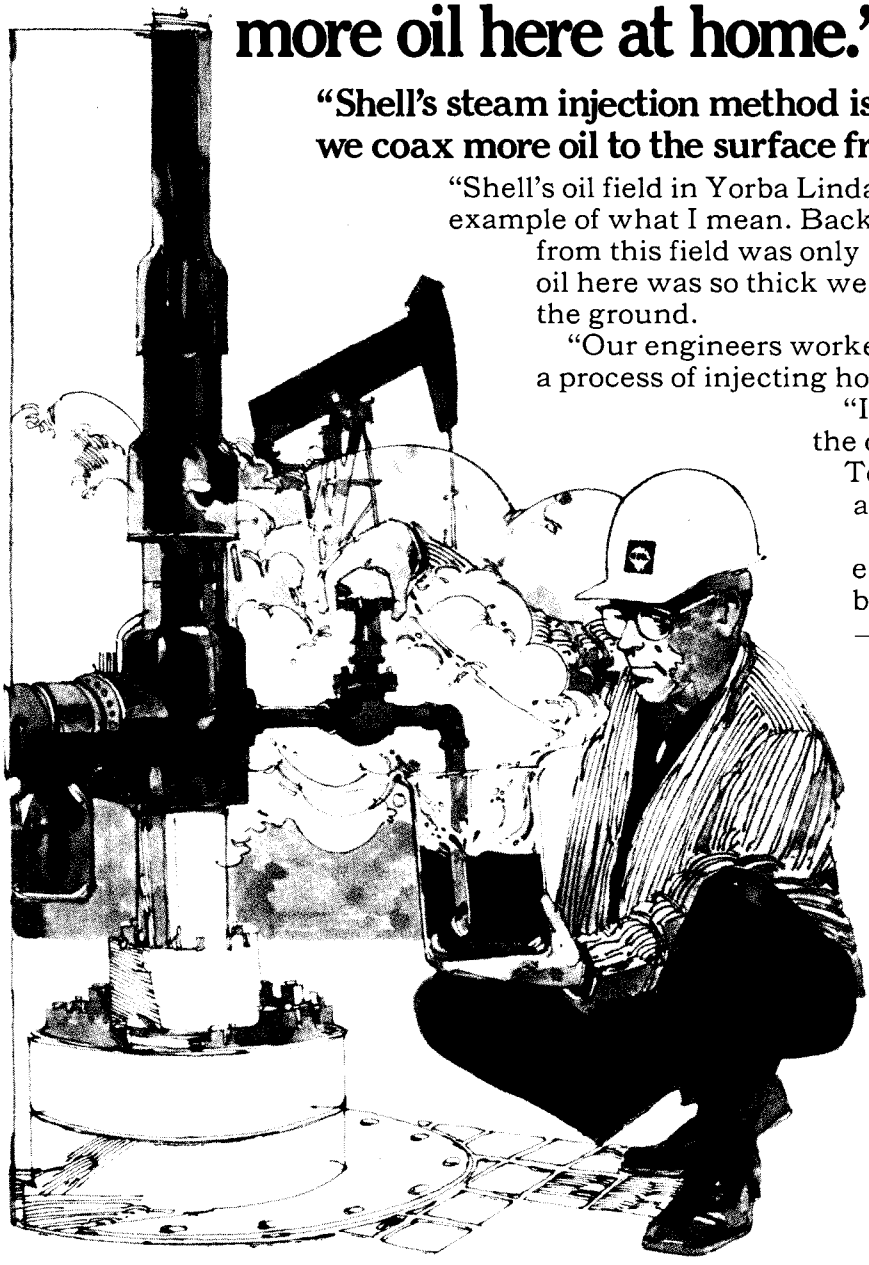
1 "Let me tell you one way Shell gets more oil here at home."



"Shell's steam injection method is one way we coax more oil to the surface from old oil wells."

"Shell's oil field in Yorba Linda, California, is a good example of what I mean. Back in 1961, Shell's production from this field was only 1500 barrels a day, because the oil here was so thick we could barely pump it out of the ground.

"Our engineers worked on this problem and developed a process of injecting hot steam underground.

"It's expensive, but the steam heats the oil so we can pump it out. Today, Shell produces six times as much oil here as we did in '61.

"This is hardly the answer to the energy shortage. But every extra barrel we can squeeze out helps."

—Hans Mathiesen,
Division Production Superintendent

2 "We can produce more energy by using less of it here at the Shell refinery."

—Bill Carpenter, Shell Refinery Superintendent

"We've been working all along to reduce the energy it takes to operate our refineries. We've been making good progress, too.

"At our Martinez, California, refinery, for example, four years ago we were using the energy equivalent of one barrel of crude oil for every eight barrels of crude intake. Today, with the same amount of energy, we're running nine barrels.

"But we're not happy yet—and won't be until we raise that to ten or eleven barrels."

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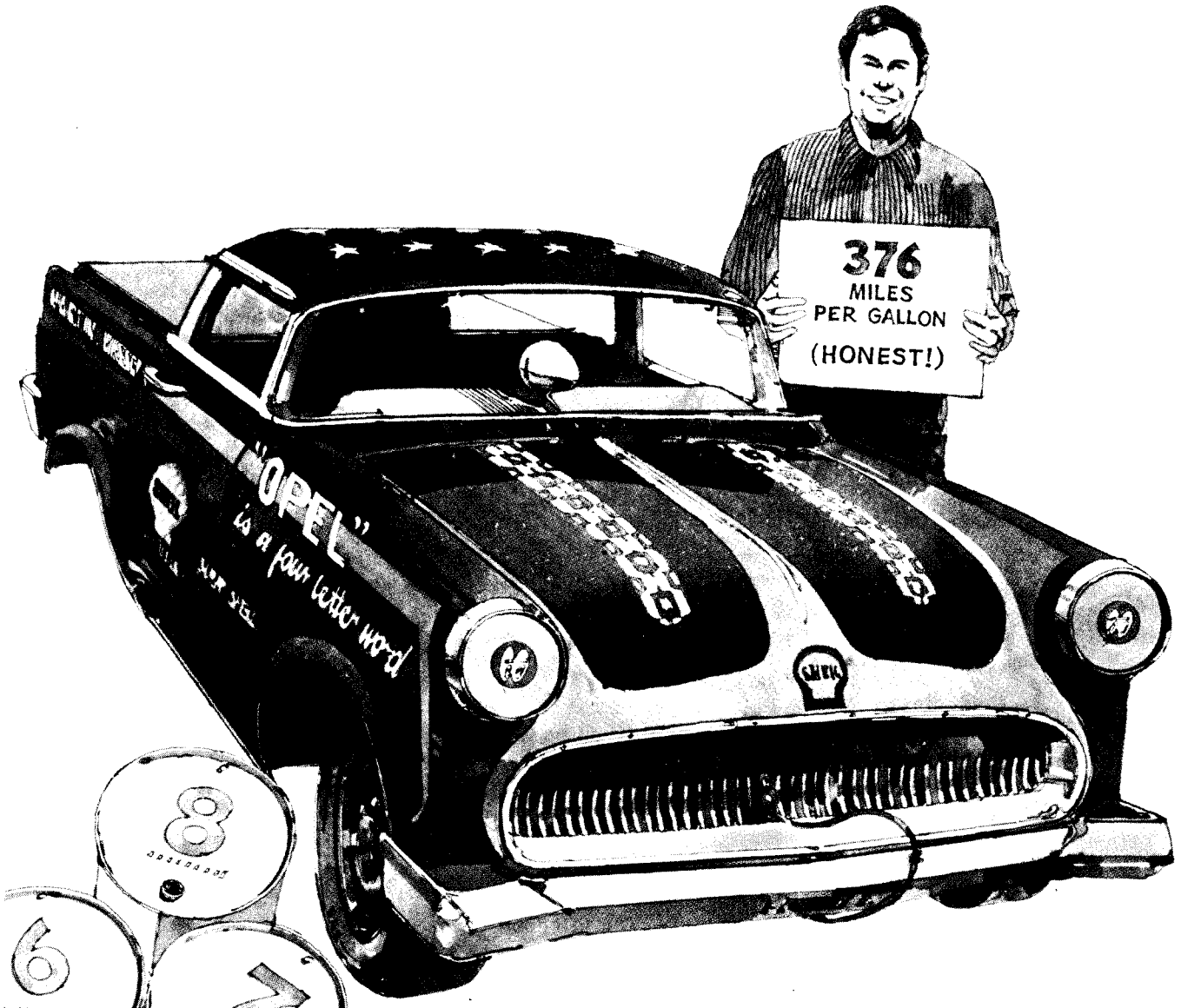

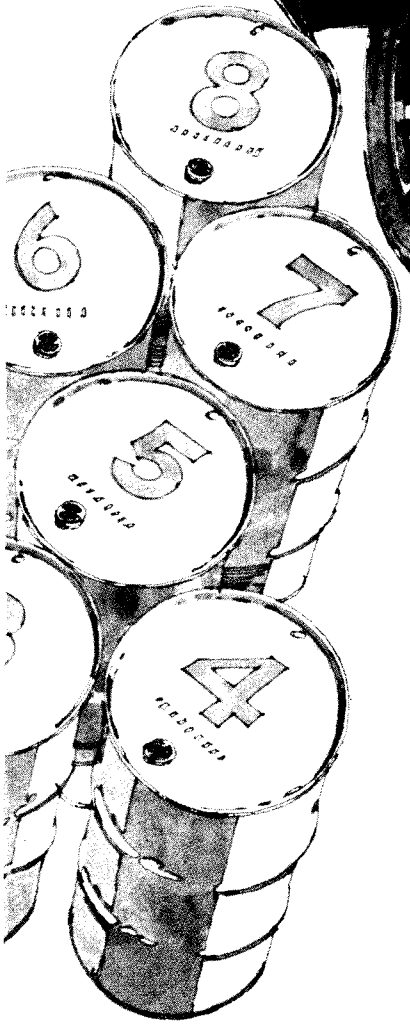

3 **"That's my buddy Ben Visser, world's mileage champion. Now he's offering a booklet explaining how you can get better mileage."**

—Charlie Towne, Shell Research Engineer

"Every year, a group of Shell Research employees stage a Mileage Marathon—a driving contest to see who can squeeze the most out of a gallon of gasoline.

"The 1973 winner was Ben Visser, a Shell research engineer. Ben set a new world's record on a road along the Mississippi near St. Louis—376.59 miles per gallon!

"Incredible but true. Ben's feat was front page news in *The Wall Street Journal*.

"He did outlandish things you wouldn't dare do in regular driving. And to tell the truth, he coasted a lot.

"Ben reveals all in his booklet—including many ways you can save gasoline. It's called *Confessions of a Mileage Champion*. For a free copy, send a postal card to Shell Oil Company, Dept. MB-4A, P.O. Box 53083, Houston, Texas 77053."

SHELL **People working with energy**

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

Potpourri

Here is a parcel of revelations, straight from various horses' mouths. I won't pretend the stuff is of cosmic importance, but the horses were extremely kind to me—and at a time when every headline makes one shiver, it may not be a bad idea to turn from tragedy to trivia and enjoy the idiots' circus that life has become. The world, after all, is governed these days by fools, cowards, and scoundrels.

Mortuary

In Rocky Mountain, Ark., there was (and perhaps still is) an undertaker's emporium that bears the endearing name "Gay and Pleasant's Funeral Home."

Jequirity

This is not a legal term. It is not the name of a seaport in Ecuador. It has nothing to do with jackals, jacquards, or jequirs. (There are, in fact, no jequirs.)

Jequirity is simply the name of the scarlet and black seeds of the licorice loved by Indians and used (the seeds, not the Indians) in making beads for tourists.

I have no idea why I'm telling you this.

Why "Albion"?

How often have you wondered why England's sobriquet—perfidious or not—is *Albion*? Since I often have, it is with pleasure I inform you: after grueling research, I have discovered that *Albion* may have been the Celtic name for Britain, probably after the white (Latin: *albus*) cliffs of Dover.

Another story has it that Albion, a Roman who came to England, was the first Christian to be martyred there.

But my favorite caper in etymology is the third and more lurid yarn, which recounts the tale of a king of Syria with so commodious and cooperative a harem that the potentate sired no less than 50 daughters—the oldest a lass named Albia. All 50 girls are said to have committed matrimony on the same night, and each—rumor has it—promptly murdered her husband.

So the 50 Syrian widows were punished by their daddy—who hustled them aboard a ship and cast it adrift. The vessel finally reached England, where all 50 murderesses settled down and married natives and, so far as we know, lived harpily ever after.

I do not vouch for this shamelessly Anglophobic version of how Albion became anglicized.

The Rats of Anir

Off the coast of New Guinea, there is an island named Anir. Anir was being ravaged by rats some years ago: huge, ferocious rats who were harassing the natives and terrorizing the children and fattening themselves on the garbage.

The beleaguered authorities finally imported a shipment of voracious cats to Anir. Today the rats on Anir are even plumper and more jaunty, I am told, because they ate up all the cats.

If you can find a moral in this, let me know. Anir sorely needs a Rodents' Thinker.

"Hard to believe he flunked public speaking."

Neither Sleet nor Hail

A letter addressed to the dean of the Augustinian order in Guisborough, England, was returned with the address crossed out and (it tickles me to note) with this message, scribbled by one of England's incomparable postal service minions: "This monastery was dissolved in 1540."

Apothegms

Last night, over wet martinis, a droll friend made my week by proclaiming: "Ring Lardner's best wisecrack was this one: 'While he was not dumber than an ox, he was not any smarter.' "

I was so enchanted by that zap that I traced it to its source. It *wasn't* written by Ring Lardner. It was minted by James Thurber, in his peerless jape *My Life and Hard Times*. He was describing the mental endowment of an Ohio State tackle—immortalized as Bolanciecwcz.

This reminded me of the memorable *pensée* by Mr. Pete Gent, whilom flanker for the Dallas Cowboys: "What I lack in speed, I make up for in cowardice."

Patriotic Patronymics

A columnist I always read with respect is Mr. Vermont Royster. He writes in the *Wall Street Journal*, which is about as excellent as a paper can be. His name has always tantalized readers.

The other day I met a hemstitcher who told me that Mr. Royster's father was so patriotic that he named his progeny after states in the union. "Mr. Royster has a sister named Virginia Carolina. And Vermont Royster's middle name is Connecticut."

How could I resist asking Mr. Royster if all this is true? He responded:

Dear Leo Rosten,

You are on the right track but slightly derailed. I am named for my *grand*father.

My great-grandfather had seven living children, all named after states—to distinguish them from his brother's children. No one ever got the two families confused.

The names were:

Vermont Connecticut
Arkansas Delaware
Iowa Michigan
Oregon Minnesota
Wisconsin Illinois
Virginia Carolina
Georgia Alabama

Except in my case, the custom has died out. I feel like the last of the Mohicans.

Cordially,
Vermont Royster □

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Global Report

Nakuru, Kenya—Every day, this high Great Rift Valley town spills 1.1 million gallons of partially treated sewage into a nearby shallow lake without outlet. The municipal dump drains into the lake, as do fertilizers, DDT, dieldrin, and other pesticides from the surrounding farmland. Such things happen every day all over the world.

What makes the situation here unusual is that Lake Nakuru is one of the wonders of the avian world and is part of the first national park in Africa created especially for birds. About a million pink flamingos, tens of thousands of white pelicans, thousands of cormorants, herons, and some 400 species of other birds feed here, attracted by the lake's delectable algae; the larger species consume about 150 tons daily.

Although the man-made pollution that enters the lake is being carefully monitored, nothing is being done to stem the flow. Scientists calculate that within another decade or so, the level of pollution will become lethal.

Stuttgart—At a time when natural-gas supplies cannot meet demand, the resource is still being flared off many oil fields because it is too difficult or expensive to transport. A German living near here is obtaining international patents for a plan to transport gas by airships. On the return trip, buoyancy would be achieved with saturated steam. Steam might also be used in transporting heavier-than-air gases and would make inflammable gases far safer; adding 27 percent steam is said to make even hydrogen non-inflammable. Patent-holder Hermann Papst maintains that a variety of gases could be carried by airships safely and very economically.

San Juan—A huge superport and refinery, sufficient to supply the present oil needs of the East Coast of the United States, is to be built on the western coast of Puerto Rico. With the encouragement of the Scientists' Committee for Public Information and various groups within the commonwealth, the Natural Resources Defense Council is filing suit to prevent construction on the grounds that the project would cause massive air pollution, endanger fishing grounds, consume valuable farmland, and exhaust the island's limited water supply.

Opponents of the superport-refinery contend that the project would provide relatively few jobs and only modest revenue. The chief beneficiaries would be the United States and U.S. oil companies. Moreover, the suit asserts that the commonwealth government has failed to follow its own, and the federal NEPA, requirements. Indeed, Puerto Rico is seeking exemption from environmental protection laws because, according to two University of Puerto Rico scientists, the proposed complex would cause a 400 percent increase in emissions of sulfur dioxide, nitrogen oxide, and particulates into the island's atmosphere.

PUD, a Forward Step in Housing Developments?

An alternative to Levittowns and one-acre zoning is finally emerging as a force for more economical land use, improved design, and more sensible living. Known as Planned Unit Development, PUD represents a trade-off between communities and developers, with the potential for meeting a wide range of environmental ills: visual pollution, misuse of land, wastage of energy and materials.

PUD permits higher densities—up to 15 homes per acre—and a mixture of commercial building and varied housing on the same integrated site. These mean high profits and substantial inducement for the developer to accept the other half of the bargain: he must plan the entire tract in advance, not in piecemeal chunks; and he must set aside a substantial portion of the site for open spaces held in common.

According to *Design & Environment,* more than half of all U.S. cities now have PUD ordinances, and by 1976 PUDs may exist in 25,000 communities. At their best, PUDs provide a new standard of architectural innovation and variety, mixing town houses, cluster housing, one- to three-story single or multi-family homes, and mid-rise apartment buildings of five to seven stories. The public greenbelts afford space for recreation areas, walkways, and bicycle paths, and they require the skills of the landscape architect. The provision of commercial space means that many residents can walk to offices and shops.

PUD cannot ensure imaginative planning, design, or landscaping, but it encourages them, and alert communities can demand them.

Boulder, Colo.—An atmospheric scientist here has advanced the theory that airborne particles of radioactive dust settling on tobacco leaves may be responsible for the high incidence of lung cancer among cigarette-smokers. Made insoluble by the heat of the burning cigarette, particles accumulate and persist in the lungs, where they emit alpha radiation. Edward A. Martell of the National Center for Atmospheric Research believes that the greatest significance of his research may be in assessing the health hazards of nuclear reactors fueled by plutonium, which may also be airborne in particles of respirable size and which also emits alpha radiation.

Bombay—One of the hazards of dam building is that the enormous weight of the impounded water may cause earthquakes. Detailed records of seismological activity in the region of the Koyna Dam south of here has led two Indian scientists to speculate that a serious earthquake may be imminent.

Since the reservoir started to fill in 1962—in a region where earthquake tremors had been unknown—there have been hundreds of minor shocks and four earthquakes above 5 on the Richter scale. The most serious, in December 1967, caused extensive damage and killed approximately 200 people. After 12 years, the underlying rock clearly has not settled permanently and there continues to be a direct correlation between seismic activity and the water level behind the dam.

Honolulu—Hawaiians are gradually realizing that they are both exceptionally vulnerable to shortages and dislocations in fuel supplies and uniquely endowed with natural energy: geothermal, solar, wind, waves, ocean currents, and thermal gradients. The state's total dependence on fossil fuels, which must be imported from a minimum distance of 2,000 miles, is a condition that the government intends to end with all possible dispatch.

Further motivation arises from the fact that it is not feasible to have an electric grid connecting islands with low-population densities scattered across 350 miles of water; massive

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power stations are inefficient or unneeded. Thus the Hawaiian Islands are ideally suited to small generating systems that can be powered economically by renewable energy sources.

After two years of research and exploration, Hawaii will soon start drilling for geothermal energy. It is also concentrating its research and development on ocean thermal and bioconversion (which could provide gasoline substitutes as well as gas and electricity) and is giving strong support to the adaptation of existing wind and solar technology to local conditions. A bill now before the legislature would establish a Natural Energy Institute at the University of Hawaii.

Milan—The third World Conference of Mayors has established a permanent center here to enable big cities to exchange information and coordinate initiatives and studies that they may conduct separately or together. The conference, which had a more publicized meeting in Tokyo last year, was attended by 65 mayors and representatives of international organizations concerned with local administration.

Toronto—Three companies accused of causing high levels of lead in children living near their smelters have struck back with no less than 40 court actions. One would prevent the city's board of health from interfering in any way with the companies' operations.

Revenue Sharing

A survey of how General Revenue Sharing Funds are being used by cities shows that transportation and environment/conservation rank second and third after public safety. Amounts devoted to other purposes are insignificant. Most of the funds, especially in cities with populations greater than 250,000, are being used for operating and maintenance rather than capital investment, as Congress had intended.

Others have so far successfully enjoined the CBC from broadcasting a TV documentary showing the companies in an unfavorable light. The *Toronto Globe and Mail* and several newsmen have been held in contempt. Final disposition of the cases now awaits a report of three independent experts to establish the facts in the situation.

Radlett, England—A group of people in this Hertfordshire community have formed an ecological housing society to build cooperatively a number of homes designed to conserve energy. Initial plans call for 10 to 20 town houses, fairly conventional in design but incorporating some solar heating, extra-heavy insulation, and recycling of water and trash. The organizers readily acknowledge that their scheme, in which the Conservation Society and Friends of the Earth are cooperating, is only "a halfway house" to a genuinely ecological life-style.

New York—The American Paper Institute appears to be one of the more imaginative industrial associations. Recently, it persuaded five no-nonsense environmentalists, including one who had written a thorough and highly critical analysis of the paper industry, to judge the institute's first Environmental Improvement Awards. The winners in four categories were: Mead Corporation, air-pollution control; Sonoco Products Company, water-pollution control; Garden State Paper Company, solid-waste management; and S. D. Warren Company, a division of Scott Paper Company, forest management.

Pretoria—South Africa's Air Pollution Appeal Board has refused the state-owned Iron and Steel Corporation permission to expand its plant here. It was the first finding of its kind under the Atmospheric Pollution Act of 1965. The board ruled that the planned $100 million extension would inevitably increase pollution and that the site was probably the worst that could have been chosen in the whole state.

Business as Usual in the Parking Lots—Here

There was hardly a murmur from environmentalists when the Environmental Protection Agency abandoned its plan to impose surcharges on downtown parking as a means of discouraging auto travel to city centers, thereby reducing air pollution. Administrator Russell Train explained that legislation before Congress forbade the measure; he did not say that the owners of parking lots and garages, not to mention the AAA, constitute a potent lobby.

Meanwhile, in Europe, plans go forward to relieve urban traffic congestion and pollution. A sampling from England:

- In London, the city is preparing to close down many car parks entirely and to regulate hours and prices of others. It is also starting a $24 million project to provide 35,000 parking spaces at outer suburban stations of the underground.
- Peterborough, with a population of only 94,000, is planning to spend nearly $5 million to provide a 72-mile network of cycleways, which is expected to reduce accidents by 75 percent and to increase the already impressive number of 13,000 bicycling commuters.
- On many of Oxford's main streets, lanes have been reserved for cyclists. Other streets have been closed entirely except to buses. On-street parking has been gradually reduced and the rates increased, while free parking has been provided at the edge of town, where rapid bus connections are available.

Dozens of cities in Europe are taking similar measures, but resistance in this country is better organized. And merchants in Europe have had enough experience with pedestrian streets to know that closing off traffic does not hurt business but enhances it. This has been proven again and again in the United States as well; yet every effort to reduce traffic is treated as unique, as though there were no experience to go on.

Backing away from parking surcharges is one retreat that cannot be blamed on the fuel shortage.

Books

(on the subject of nuclear hazards)

Nuclear Theft: Risks and Safeguards, by Mason Willrich and Theodore B. Taylor. Ballinger Publishing Company, Cambridge, Mass. (for the Ford Foundation Energy Policy Project), 252 pages, $4.95 (paper).

An international lawyer and a physicist assess the danger that terrorists or criminals or even a single fanatic may steal nuclear material and use it for blackmail, by either making a crude bomb or simply threatening to release a lethal dose of radioactivity. The authors offer recommendations for preventive measures.

The Liquid Metal Fast-Breeder Reactor: An Economic and Environmental Critique, by Thomas B. Cochran. The Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, Md. (for Resources for the Future Inc.), 285 pages, $6.95 (paper).

The author sharply questions the AEC's contention that the fast-breeder reactor would be the most economical, the least environmentally harmful, and among the safest of energy sources. The book has already caused the AEC to produce 2,200 pages of rebuttal and to change some of its standards for the LMFBR.

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

On Being Brave

Unless I have bent the name in memory, the place is called Castello Vincigliatti. It tops a hill overlooking Florence and is owned by an attractive young sculptor who has established a foundry there. I had been in Rome, visiting Milton and Cecille Hebald. Milton had some bronzes at the foundry, and I was invited along for the weekend.

We arrived for lunch, after which the two sculptors left for the foundry. I had topped in Rome as a bird of passage with only one wrinkle-resistant suit and some wash-and-wear etceteras. Foundries can be messy places. I strolled by for a look and, in the interest of my one suit, went off when the ashes began to fly. I went back to the parapets overlooking Florence and looked halfway to forever.

The castle has two sets of walls. On our arrival, the gatekeeper made us wait while he penned up six howling weimaraners, firmly warning us to stay behind the inner wall and to ring for passage through the, so to speak, dog moat. The penned dogs underlined the warning by wavening at us as we drove through.

I had no intention of fighting my way to freedom past those fangs. The view from the parapet was itself a freedom. I stood on a walk by the terrace on which we had eaten lunch, separated from it by a low iron gate. About 40 feet to my left, the walk led to another iron gate that led to depths unknown. I was persuading myself that I could see not only Florence from that parapet but also all its ghosts. The wall by which I stood plunged at least 30 or 40 feet to a steep slope. I had just decided that no sane *condottiere* could ever have laid siege to those walls from that slope and that I could not be looking down at a battleground, when the iron gate on my left creaked and I turned to see a weimaraner stalk through—silent, stiff-legged, and definitely pointed in my direction.

The gate to the terrace was about 20 feet to my right. Had I run, the beast could certainly have caught me, perhaps made the more savage by my flight. Even if I got through, the beast could have jumped the low fence. I forced myself not to move. I would have to prove my superiority in the scale of evolution by mastering the beast with my willpower, of which I had no then-current high opinion.

I watched sidewise as it came on, stiff-legged and intense. The dog, I told myself, had lived with people. It had to be some sort of domesticated beast. It would at least growl an intention before attacking: I have never known a dog not to. I began talking to it in low—and, I hoped, soothing—Italian baby talk.

I was also eyeing the wall. If worse came to worst, I told myself, I would have to take three nasty bites in the act of picking it up and throwing it over the parapet—with luck, that is. Then I felt its nose against the back of my knee and realized I had frozen and that I had gone into an adrenalin-charged, shallow breathing. I stood there and the dog did. Nothing happened and everything happened.

"Guiccio," a voice called, "*veni, caro, veni!*" The dog moaned and slithered—yes, a rump-waggling slither—to the old housekeeper, who had come out on the terrace. The dog rubbed its head against her apron like a spaniel. From her apron she produced a tidbit, and the dog took it from her fingers as if his fangs were tweezers. I had obviously been wasting adrenalin, and it was still pumping. But how could I have guessed that it was so gentle a fawner, especially in the context of all dire warnings?

I turned to the housekeeper. "I don't understand," I said. "I was told the dogs were fierce."

"Oh, those," she said, waving her hand in the general direction of the dog pens. "Devils. *Demoniati.* But this is old Guiccio, the great-grandfather of them all. He, too, was a bad one once, but he is old and blind now, and they let me spoil him. They know he is company to me and that he needs company."

So much for wasted adrenalin and my one suit. As Hemingway once said, "Nothing happens to the brave." Better yet, nothing happens to cowards. At least nothing did that time. □

"Poker, anyone?"

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 14

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 56.

JQKESA: VSRRSAGF Q XEHKVC XCS PZJJSEKP XTKC TAPSGHAVH, QAN TP JQTN XTKC YGQKKHEF.

PQRZHG ISCAPSA

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The Thrill of It All

by Hollis Alpert

At the heart of the thriller form is paranoia. Just as the victim of a persecution complex carefully and artfully rationalizes a belief—more than that, a knowledge—that he is being poisoned by ultra-high-frequency emissions diabolically controlled by Russian scientists, so, in the thriller, the writer or scenarist constructs his systematized delusion. When a movie does it well, it makes for fascinating entertainment. For years, Hitchcock was the master of the form. But others have come along and are doing it well, too, and the genre is being constantly developed and improved. A new one, *The Parallax View*, might well evoke envy even in the great Alfred.

It concerns ten people who witness the assassination of a presidential aspirant. By the time the film begins, seven of the witnesses have died under circumstances that have been officially declared accidental. Sound familiar? It is that familiarity which Alan Pakula, the director, and David Giler and Lorenzo Semple, Jr., the screenwriters, make use of to beguile us. For a long time now there's been a whole industry devoted to conspiratorial theories regarding the assassinations of the two Kennedys and Martin Luther King. I've yet to meet a European who doesn't scoff at the notion that a single disturbed individual, gun in hand, shot his way into notoriety and history.

Warren Beatty and Anthony Zerbe in The Parallax View—*Assassin trainee.*

The plot basis of *The Parallax View* is that behind certain notorious assassinations is a major corporation, a synarchy of sorts, that is in the business of seeking out properly disturbed individuals, hostile to father figures and flag, who can be trained to carry out dastardly deeds. The corporation employs ultramodern methods of psychological indoctrination. Well, one of those three remaining witnesses happens to be an investigative reporter, Warren Beatty no less, who, becoming convinced of the existence of a diabolical conspiracy, decides on a course of infiltration. He changes his identity and becomes a supposedly willing assassin trainee, all to reach the heart of the conspiracy. I haven't read the novel by Loren Singer on which the film is based, but certainly the movie is a chilling, clever, and reasonably convincing job. Here art doesn't only imitate life; it carries it a good deal further.

Pakula, the director of another good thriller, *Klute*, uses backgrounds ranging from the Space Needle of the 1962 Seattle World's Fair, to the spillway of Gorge Dam, to antiseptic Los Angeles office buildings, to the Los Angeles Convention Center. The fine photography—for which Pakula has again employed the expert Gordon Willis—is complemented by splendid acting by Beatty, and first-rate subsidiary performances by Hume Cronyn, Paula Prentiss, and William Daniels, each of whom runs afoul of the corporate villainy. A good thriller allows one the luxury of paranoiac indulgence and keeps one on the edge of one's seat. *The Parallax View* does both.

NOT SO, HOWEVER, *The Terminal Man.* Here we're asked to believe that a kind of electronic pacemaker can be inserted into a man's brain and that, under the control of a computer, it will alter his brain waves and thus abort his violent impulses. George Segal is the man connected by remote control to the computer, which, unfortunately, makes a critical error. From there on, it's a matter of tracking Segal down before he does in everyone who gets in the path of hi misguided brain patterns. Regrettably the premise is too flimsy to stand up fc long, and the slow, lugubrious, and garis direction by Mike Hodges, who als wrote and produced the film from M chael Crichton's novel, is of no hel whatsoever. Segal, a good actor, wasted, and so is Joan Hackett, playin a much too friendly and concerned psy chiatrist for her own good.

The Black Windmill, directed by tha modern master of violence, Don Siege has most of the ingredients of a Hitch cockian thriller—a notable cast, expertl staged incidents, London and Paris back grounds, and a considerable amount o suspense—but could have used a mor original plot. Subversion within an intel ligence organization has been used be fore, notably in one of my favorites, *Th Ipcress File,* in which Michael Cain played the deluded secret agent. In thi one, Caine is again a much-harasse agent whose personal life takes a ba turn when his young son is kidnapped— by whom and why, he naturally makes his objective to find out. The menace h encounters is not always so interestin as the people he meets, among them th svelte Delphine Seyrig, the waspish Don ald Pleasance, and the merciless Joh Vernon. Nevertheless, Siegel direct these fine actors with style and compe tence, making for film entertainmen well above the average.

A COLLEGE CAMPUS is the scene for *Th Midnight Man,* an only so-so suspense ef fort by Burt Lancaster and Roland Kib bee, who co-wrote, co-produced, and co directed, with Lancaster in the starrin role of a former police officer reduced t working as night security man on cam pus. A pretty coed, the daughter of U.S. Senator, is found murdered, an Lancaster, under some suspicion himself does the unraveling of the deed. Spac doesn't permit the unraveling of the plot which has to do with a tape recordin made by the girl, the possible involve ment of the Senator, the possible in volvement of a pretty parole office (Susan Clark), the possible involvemen of the local sheriff, the possible involve ment of a professor of psychology, an other campus inhabitants. A more expe rienced director's hand might have mad more of it; as it is, the film simply lack the flair of those of the above-mentione Pakula and Siegel. In other words, toc few thrills for a thriller. □

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Photography

Strictly for Pleasure

by Margaret R. Weiss

If one were to draw up a Dewar Profile of Phillip Harrington, it would read something like this:

HOME: Cincinnati, O.

PROFESSION: Photographer. Graphics editor, *The Cincinnati Enquirer*. Formerly chairman of photography department, Ohio University. Award-winning staff photographer, *Look* magazine (first American camera reporter to enter People's Republic of China, 1956–7).

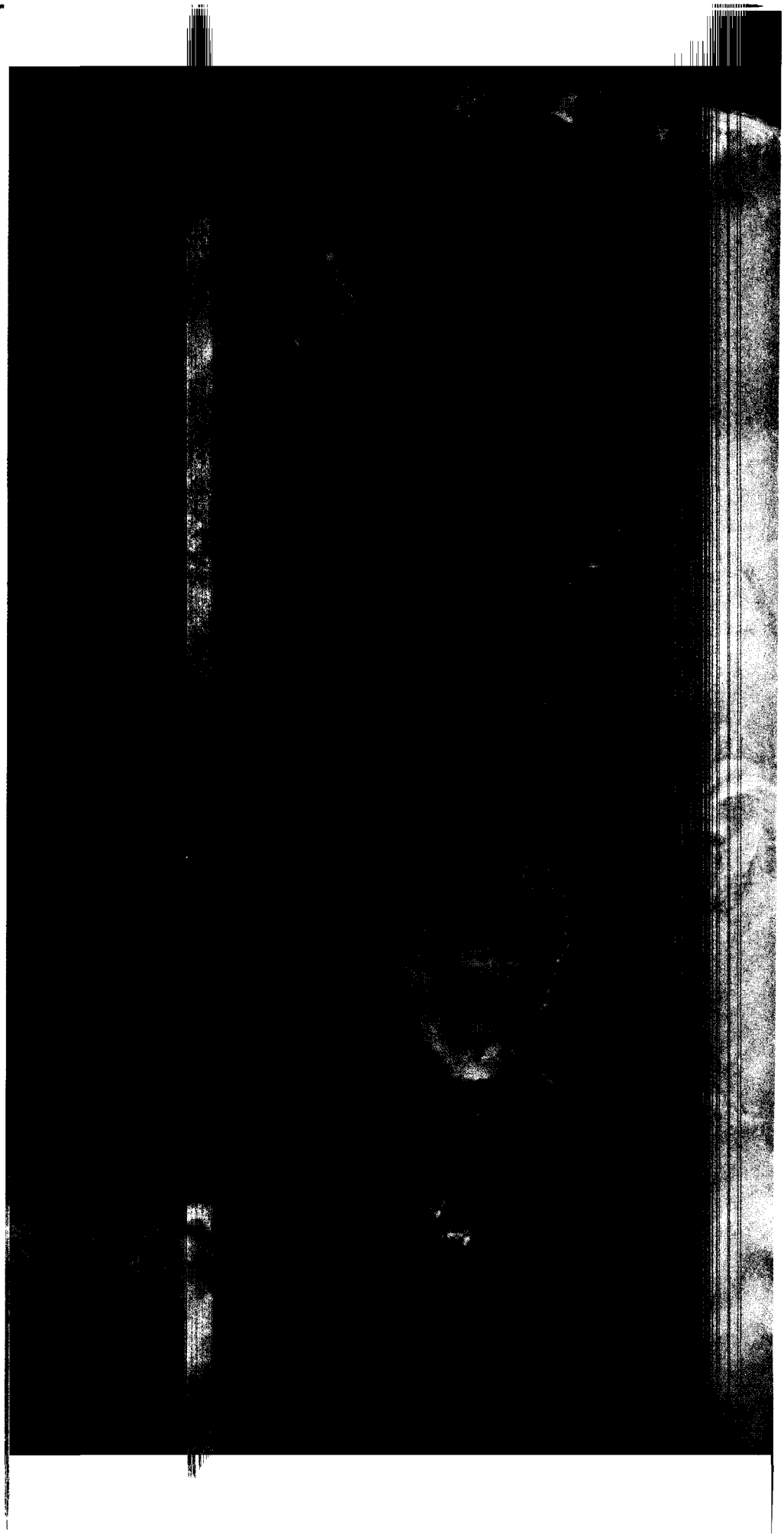
LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Educational filmstrip series, *The Puritan Ethic*.

HOBBIES: Collecting antique microscopes and microscope slides; making photomicrographs.

While this abbreviated résumé gives no clue to Harrington's preferred potable, it does indicate that one good hobby leads to another. The photomicrographs on the following pages and on the cover are samples of what these confluent leisure pursuits produce for no purpose other than sheer visual pleasure (although they have also returned tangible rewards when tapped by advertising agency and magazine art directors).

"I like to think of my photomicrography as a Victorian 'entertainment,' " says Harrington, "because it really is just a modern version of what was a popular pastime for many upper-class British families of that era." The corner that today's TV set would occupy was given over to a revolving table with its special setup of "glass and brass": microscope, glass slides, cut-glass decanter of cream sherry or port.

Doubtless the last-mentioned item provided the proper accent of hospitality, but it was a set of color gels and polarizing filters that turned the working tools of science into an eye-appealing divertissement—a purely aesthetic experience for those unconcerned with scientific theory or technical analysis. Wafer-thin sections



Photomicrographs by Phillip Harrington

Fern spore (Rheinberg filters)

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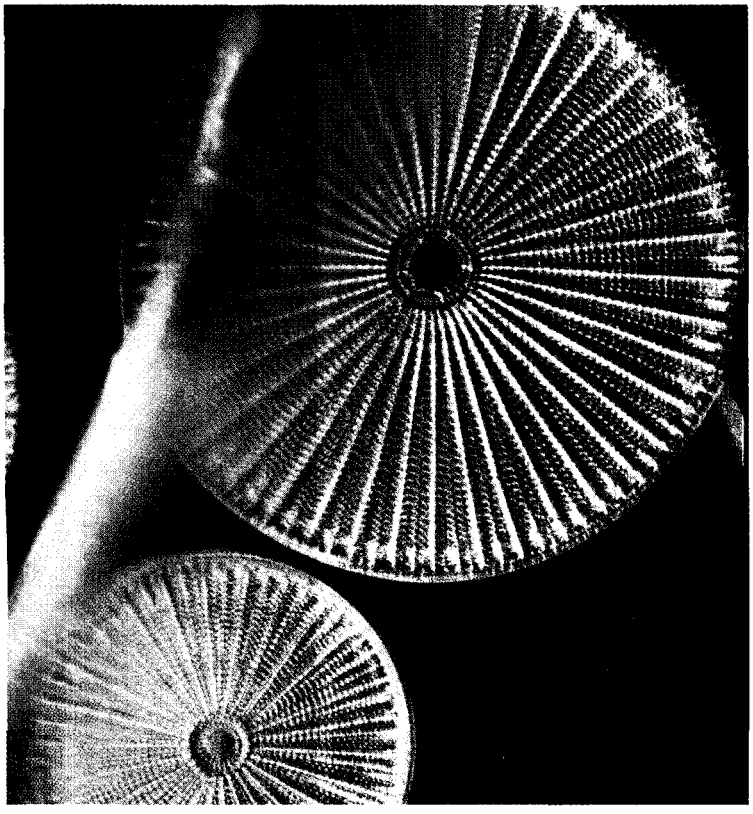
Kodak D-76 Developer (25X; polarizing filter)

Progesterone (50X; polarizing filter)

Fossil diatomaceae (100X; Rheinberg filter)



Estrogen (125X)

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f rock or bark, a diatom-laden specimen
·om a nearby pond, a speck of pollen, or
bit of beetle's claw—*optically* colored
y the introduction of filters into the light
ath of the microscope—proved more
h-inspiring than the most magical of
ıagic-lantern views of the Pyramids or
ıe Parthenon.

[AVING AMASSED thousands of antique
ides along with his microscope acquisi-
ons, Harrington found them equally
ıspiring—enough so to assemble his
wn photomicrographic system: Nikon
ıd Leitz equipment, Ektachrome X day-
ght film, some "homemade" color gels,
ıd a set of polarizing filters that had sur-
ived a century of use. Transferring the
ıages to a medium that permitted a
ɔomful of people to enjoy them simul-
ıneously, he discovered his home audi-
ıces were as entranced by the kaleido-
:ope of abstract patterns as he himself
'as.

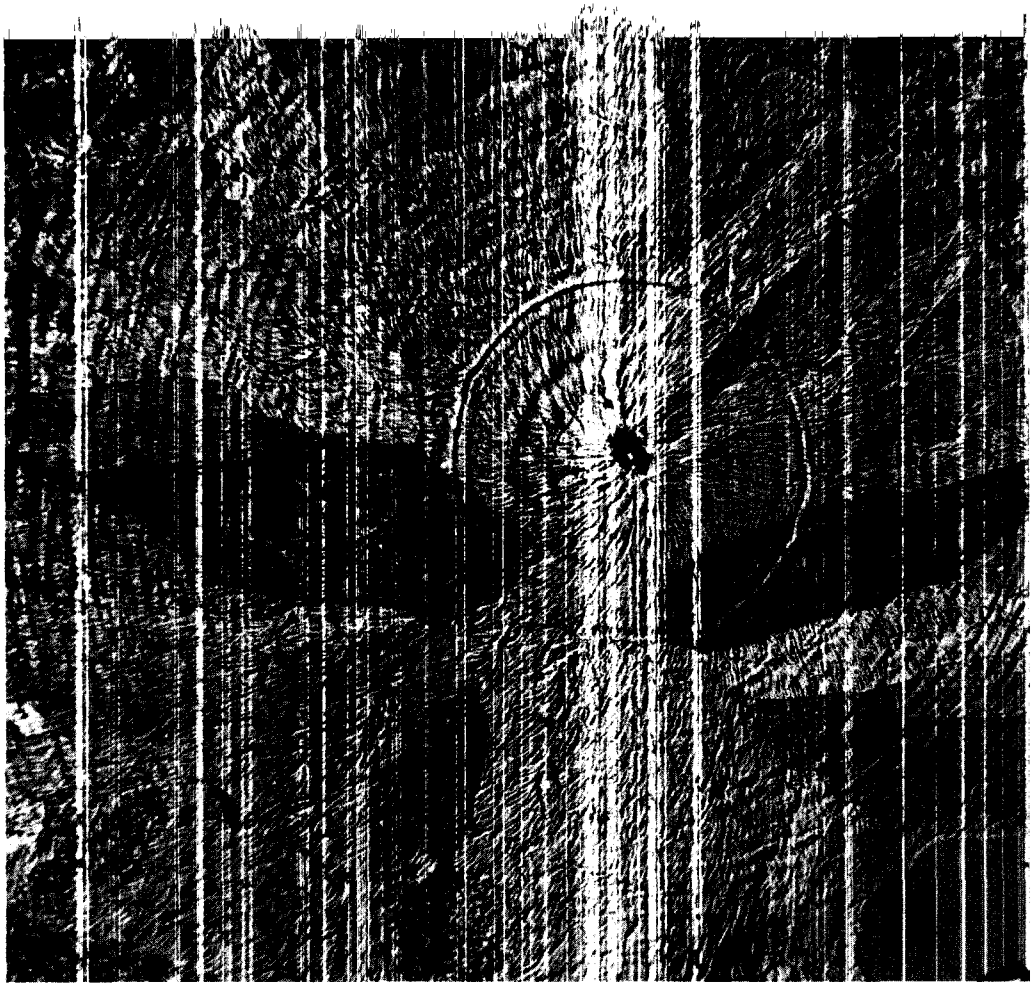
No one had to know the intricacies
f optics and the workings of Rheinberg
lters to appreciate the architectonics of
rystallization or the symmetry of spore
.ructure. With camera and microscope
ı tandem, a drop of alum solution pre-
ents a spectacle of crystal needles and
ınces that easily upstages the best Wil-
inson razor-blade commercial. The
hotomicrographer's marathon ballet of
ın-shaped figures, frost flowers, fish,
ɔliage, lacy filigree, star trails, and sta-
.ctites becomes a Rorschach test in
:chnicolor—an invitation to visual as-
ɔciations as well as an appreciation of
ɔlor and design.

Encouraged by audience reaction to
is 35mm. film versions of old glass
ides, Harrington began creating his
wn originals, utilizing Victorian tech-
iques but expanding his repertoire to
ıclude such contemporary specimens as
drop of Kodak D-76 developer and
rystals of pharmaceutical dextrose. (The
ıtter, in all its splendor, was reproduced
s an ad for a major drug company.)

Some 2,000 photomicrographs later,
ıat Dewar Profile begun above would
onclude with:

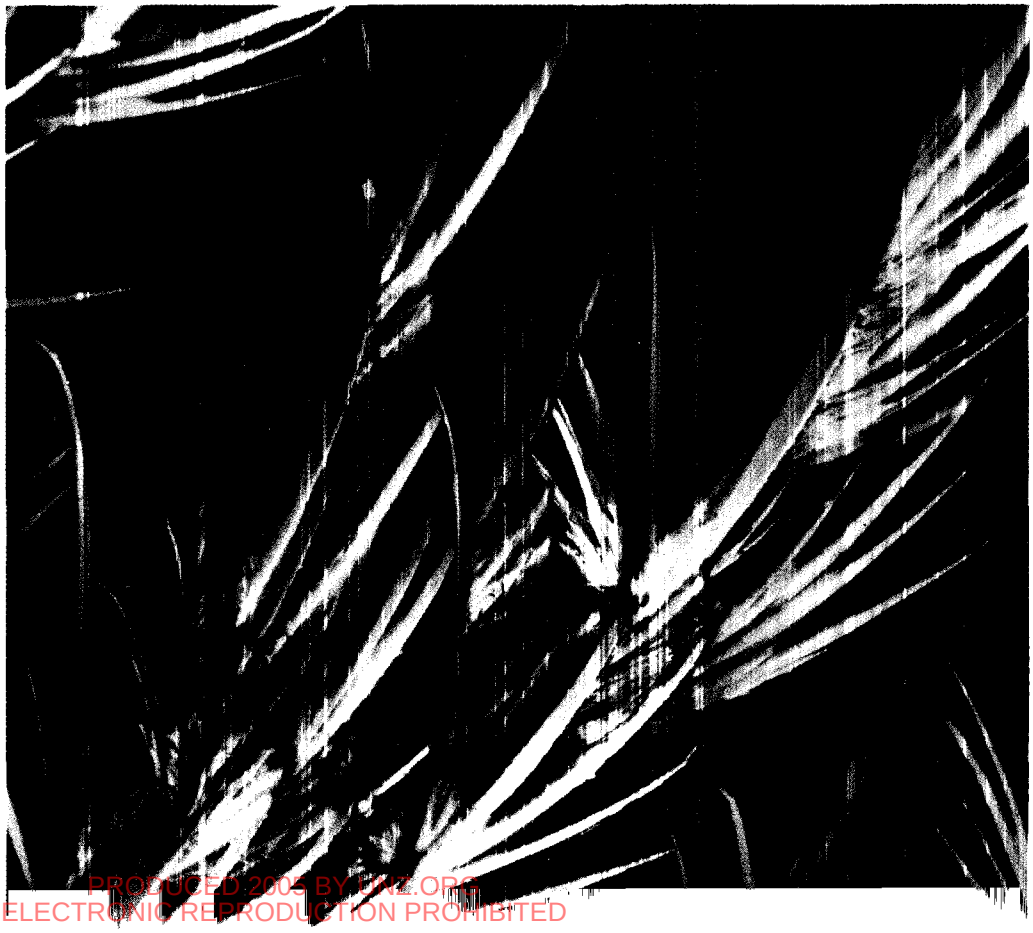
)UOTE: "Not all of us can fly to the
ıoon, but there are countless galaxies to
xplore right under our very noses. . . .
Vhy shouldn't every student microscope
ave a set of Rheinberg filters?"

'ROFILE: Restless prober, compulsive
ollector, ardent Anglophile. Completely
ommitted to a demanding profession
nd a brace of rewarding hobbies. □



Progesterone crystals (125X; oblique lighting)

Sugar (75X)



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Music

The Ecumenical Ellington

What occurred in the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine on New York's 110th Street and Amsterdam Avenue at 1:00 P.M. on Memorial Day, May 27, 1974, was that rarest of happenings—a funeral that was not funereal, a solemn ceremony of separation that commemorated the triumph of a life, not its submission to death. It was broadcast *in toto*—meaning recorded on tape and audible to all who want it.

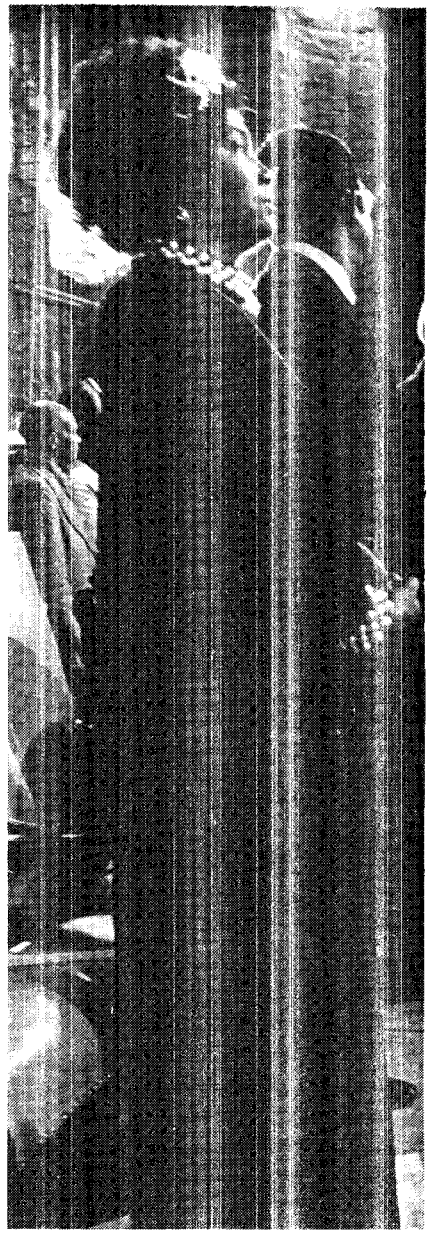
It could hardly be otherwise with "Duke" Ellington. His life was recalled not only in such eloquent words of tribute as those of Stanley Dance, printed herewith, but also by the sounds that resounded through that life, eloquently recalled through the ceremony in the musical tributes of Earl Hines, Ella Fitzgerald, Billy Taylor, Jo Jones, Joe Williams, Mary Lou Williams, and McHenry Boatwright.

If Duke's life was made of music, the music was made of the stuff of that life itself—its youth and age, its joys and sorrows, its aspirations, hopes, disappointments, and fulfillments. It began saucy, self-assured, with "Soda Fountain Rag," when Duke was a teenage soda jerk working in Washington, D.C.; vibrantly physical in the years of his first great successes; responsively compassionate to the needs of his people at the time when it was appropriate; eventually, enriched and regenerated by his experience, to communicate faith through "Sacred Concerts" unlike any others ever heard.

It should be noted that when Ellington asserted the belief that something he wrote was directed to "my people," he didn't mean people of color—but just "people." And when he spoke of music, it was not in terms of serious or popular, light or heavy, short or long. His heart leaped up when he beheld the likes of Florence Mills (in 1928) or a lovely beach in Togo (in 1970), with results that poured forth in "Black Beauty" and "Togo Brava, Brava Togo."

Ecumenical has had a particular, special meaning in recent times, which is valid in itself. It also has a wider, general meaning—"pertaining to the habitable world, universal"—which applies to Ellington as it would to few others of our time.

IRVING KOLODIN



Allen Green; Gamma

Funeral service for Duke Elling

Citizen of the World

by Stanley Dance

It is hard to do justice in words to a beloved friend, especially when the friend was a genius of the rarest kind.

So, first, the basic facts of his temporal existence:

Edward Kennedy Ellington, "Duke" Ellington, born in Washington, D.C., 1899, died in New York, 1974.

Now, some might claim him as a citizen of one or the other of those cities, but he was not. In the truest sense of the phrase, he was a citizen of the world. That is a cliché perhaps, but how few are those who *deserve* it as he did. He was loved throughout the whole world, at all levels of society, by Frenchmen and Germans, by English and Irish, by Arabs and Jews, by Indians and Pakistanis, by atheists and devout Catholics, and by Communists and Fascists alike.

So, no, not even this city, in which, as he said, he paid rent and had his mailbox—not even New York can claim him exclusively for its own.

Of all the cities he conquered—more than Napoleon, and by much better methods—I remember particularly Buenos Aires when he went there the first time. He had played his final concert and sat in the car outside the theater before going to the airport. People clutched at him through the opened windows—people who were crying, who thrust gifts on him, gifts on which they hadn't even written their names. It was one of the few times I saw him moved to tears.

AS A MUSICIAN, he hated categories. He didn't want to be restricted, and although he mistrusted the word *jazz*, his definition of it was "freedom of expression." If he wished to write an opera, or music for a ballet or a symphony, a Broadway musical, or a movie, he didn't want to feel confined to the idiom in which he was the unchallenged, acknowledged master.

As with musical categories, so wit categories of people. Categories of clas race, color, creed, and money were ob noxious to him. He made his subtle, tel ing contributions to the civil rights strug gle in musical statements—in "Jump fc Joy" in 1941, in "The Deep South Suite in 1946, and in "My People" in 196: Long before black was officially beaut ful—in 1928, to be precise—he had wri ten "Black Beauty" and dedicated it t a great artist, Florence Mills. And wit "Black, Brown, and Beige" in 1943, h proudly delineated the black contribu tion to American history.

HIS SCOPE constantly widened, an right up to the end he remained a cre ative force, his imagination stimulate by experience. There was much more h

Stanley Dance is author of The World of Duke Ellington *and was associated with Mr. Ellington for many years.*

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memorated the triumph of life."

ad to write, and undoubtedly would ave written, but a miraculous aspect of is work is not merely the quality but lso the quantity of it. Music was indeed is mistress. He worked hard, did not pare himself, and virtually died in harness. Only last fall he set out on one of ıe most exhausting tours of his career. Ie premiered his third "Sacred Concert" ı Westminster Abbey for the United Naons, did one-nighters in all the Euroean capitals, went to Abyssinia and ambia for the State Department, and eturned to London for a command perormance before Queen Elizabeth. When eople asked if he would ever retire, e used to reply scornfully, "Retire to *hat?*"

His career cannot be described in a ew minutes. Where would one start? Vith the composer, the bandleader, the ianist, the arranger, the author, the playwright, the painter? He was a jack-of-all-trades and master of all he turned his hand to. Or should one start with the complex human being—at once sophisticated, primitive, humorous, tolerant, positive, ironic, childlike (not childish), lionlike, shepherdlike, Christian . . .? He was a natural aristocrat who never lost the common touch. He was the greatest innovator in his field and yet, paradoxically, a conservative, one who built new things on the best of the old and disdained ephemeral fashion.

I certainly would never pretend that I knew wholly this wonderful man, although I spent much time in his company and enjoyed his trust. The two people who knew him best were his son, Mercer, and his sister, Ruth, and their loss is the greatest of all. Otherwise, his various associates and friends knew different aspects of him but never, as they readily admit, the whole man.

Song titles say a good deal. "Mood Indigo," "Sophisticated Lady," "Caravan," "Solitude," "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "I'm Beginning to See the Light," and "Satin Doll" are part of the fabric of twentieth-century life. But the popular song hits are only a small part of Duke Ellington's priceless legacy to mankind. His music will be interpreted by others, but never with the significance and tonal character given it by his own band and soloists, for whom it was written. In that respect, his records are the greatest of his gifts to us. Here one can enter a unique world, filled with his dreams, emotions, fantasies, and fascinating harmonies. He brought out qualities in his musicians they did not always know they possessed. He had the knack of making good musicians sound great and great musicians sound the greatest. As the best arranger in the business, he was able to furnish them with superb backgrounds, and as one of the most inventive—and underrated—of pianists, he gave them inspiring accompaniment. He was, in fact, more of an inspiration than an influence, and though he made no claim to being a disciplinarian, he ruled his realm with wisdom.

The importance of this realm did not go unrecognized, and he was by no means a prophet without honor in his native land. He celebrated his seventieth birthday in the White House, where President Nixon bestowed the highest civilian honor upon him, appropriately the Medal of Freedom. Presidents Johnson, Eisenhower, and Truman had all recognized his achievements in different ways. No less than 17 colleges conferred honorary degrees upon him. Other high honors came to him from Emperor Haile Selassie, from France, and from Sweden. His likeness appeared on the postage stamps of Togo and Chad.

Withal, Duke Ellington knew that what some called genius was really the exercise of gifts that stemmed from God. These gifts were those his Maker favored. The Son of God said: "Fear not. Go out and teach all nations. Proclaim the good news to all men." And Duke knew the good news was Love, of God and his fellow men. He proclaimed the message in his "Sacred Concerts," grateful for an opportunity to acknowledge something of which he stood in awe, a power he considered above his human limitations. He firmly believed what the mother he worshiped also believed—that he had been blessed at birth. He reached out to people with his music and drew them to himself.

There must be many here who can testify to his assumption—conscious or unconscious—of a father's role. Those he befriended are legion. His sense of family embraced not only the members of his band throughout the years but also people from all walks of life whose paths crossed his. Wherever or whenever he could, he personally resolved for those about him problems involving doubts, anxieties, illness, and grief. Loyalty was the quality he greatly esteemed in others, and it was generously reciprocated by him.

It is Memorial Day, when those who died for the free world are properly remembered. Duke Ellington never lost faith in this country, and he served it well. His music will go on serving it for years to come. □

In place of a fee Stanley Dance has requested that an appropriate donation be given to the Duke Ellington Memorial Fund for Cancer Research at the Presbyterian Hospital, 622 West 168th Street, New York, N.Y. 10032.

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 52

RICHARD ARMOUR:
GOING LIKE SIXTY

Triceps are the only muscles in which I can and do take pride. In other areas, which I do not offer for feeling by strangers or even close friends, I am about what is expected of a person my age. In other words, flabby.

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Photographs: Dena Kaye

Cheung Chau—Dim sum *sold by strolling vendors, money stamped Hell Bank Notes.*

China Without a Visa

by Dena Kaye

A few miles from China, atop a mountain set in the South China Sea, a thick white mist enveloped the Buddhist monastery of the Precious Lotus. From my crow's-nest on a nearby hill, I watched the tip of its yellow roof disappear. As this cotton puff veiled my vision of the grounds, all the sounds seemed to be amplified: wind rushed in like breaking waves, birds chorused their staccato song with operatic bravura, and the monks' hymn echoed across the valley.

This ethereal picture of mountain peaks swathed in clouds, painted for centuries by Chinese artists, is seldom the vision associated with a visit to Hong Kong. Rather, this trading post of Asia, born as a British colony out of the opium traffic in the 1840s, has been dedicated to turning a dollar. For the tourist, it has been a bargain counter where custom-made suits cost half the stateside prices, Ming porcelain went for the cost of five-and-ten china, and jade baubles were as reasonable as glass jewelry.

Indeed, 1974 is the Year of the Tiger, a symbol of hard work that, along with the season's winning horse at Happy Valley racetrack, running under the name Money Talks, may well be a per sonification of Hong Kong's purpose i life. As Richard Hughes, eminent Aus tralian journalist who makes the cit his headquarters, has said, the Hon Kong formula for success is "low taxes no controls, quick profits, hard work laissez-faire."

While this equation may still work i the marketplace, the traveler may wan to revise his reasons for a visit. Hon Kong prices, in spite of a five-to-one con version rate with the U.S. dollar, hav now reached inflated American an Western European levels. Duty-free ad vantages are often negated. And officia Hong Kong tourist-office guidebook warn against fraudulent bargains. Bu with the diminished savings, perhaps th deeper fascination of Hong Kong wil emerge.

If Hong Kong is no longer a shop ping arcade worth a trip halfway roun the world, surely it remains a repositor of things to see. I inspected such sight as the New Territories, once considere the agricultural outback of Hong Kong the village life of some offshore islands and on Hong Kong island itself, thos hallmarks of Chinese culture—herba medicine stores, restaurants with provin cial cuisines—and ventured out to Aber deen, the city of the boat people.

Coiners of instant phrases have calle Hong Kong Instant China. The closes you can get to Mao's domain is th New Territories, a 365-square-mile hin terland that is actually on the Chines mainland. It was added to the Britis colony by a lease from the Chinese i 1898, an agreement that will expire i 1997. But no one despairs about th date. Most consider it an artificial dead line. The New Territories shares a 20 mile land frontier with China. The lin of demarcation is the Shum Chun Rive best seen from a special lookout poin called Lok Ma Chau. A thick verdan belt, sliced by beds of water, leads up t a muscular mountain range. "That i China," the guide says. The vista coul be anywhere, but it is China, and tha somehow gives it a certain cachet. Mem ories of Pearl Buck's *The Good Eart* and Han Suyin's stories flood the minc

A thousand years ago, the New Terri tories was a tropical forest inhabited b tigers, crocodiles, and elephants. Today this backyard of Hong Kong provide glimpses of Old China—medieval walle villages, men patiently following team of water buffalo, long lines of wome

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quatting in muddy fields to dig up ater chestnuts. But each tableau has s updated counterpart. The signs of odernity sprout in the middle of tra-itional landscapes. The New Territories the only place the colony can expand. efugees who came after the fall of hiang Kai-shek—"the market garden-s from Canton and Shanghai"—have ultivated the land into thousands of tiny rms. They harvest six to eight crops mainly vegetables) annually, grow high-uality rice for export, and buy inferior ain for their own consumption.

The area around the walled city of hatin—under the Ming dynasty, the ense-growing region; under the Man-us, the source of the Emperor's rice—now Shatin New Town, a commuters' d vacationers' resort. A housing proj-t is being planned in this population fety valve for the relocation of 2 mil-n people by 1983. That equals almost lf the current head count of the entire lony.

At least for the time being, a one-reet shantytown still stands, lined with afood restaurants, stalls open long into e night, hung with curtains of mangoes season), baked sweet potatoes, quail's gs. The living quarters of the workers, ten behind the storefronts, blare with e sounds of new TVs.

I have logged in my gastronomic emory bank a meal at Fung Lum Res-urant, located along this main avenue. ffice it to say the place, though clean, unimaginatively decorated. That ght not to dissuade the prospective ner; the menu lists (in English) 323 shes. I opened with steamed shrimp, shy and pink, served with a soy sauce iked with onions, followed with *tung oy,* a kind of broccoli doused in rimp paste, baked crab in black-bean uce, fried and baked pigeon, and aised pig rib with "mixed sauce." This nsisted of vinegar, ketchup, and what e chef identified as a white powder. jokingly pegged it as Adolph's Meat enderizer. As it turned out, that, range to say, is exactly what it was.

There are several ways to visit the ew Territories. It is even possible to dropped by helicopter. The Friendly avel Agency arranges tours, mostly ing public transportation. The journey gan on the Kowloon-to-Canton train efore communism, the tickets read owloon-to-London), which follows the ore of Tolo harbor. We debarked at aipo Kau to board a junk "manned by Chinese family" and cruised down Tolo harbor, where pearl-diving started as early as the eighth century, to the Plover Cove reservoir. There are plans for turning this area into parks and gardens with water-sports facilities. Now, it is a bay dotted with sampans, which dart out like waterbugs to meet the junks and take passengers ashore. A public bus transfers any visitor, for a reasonable fare of eight cents, to a carpet factory, where a private minibus takes over.

The New Territories moves at a rural pace, but what is loosely referred to as Hong Kong (actually it is the city of Victoria on the island of Hong Kong) pulsates with big-business activity. Viewed from the Kowloon side, the panorama looks like Manhattan pushed up against the side of a mountain.

Hidden in the middle of Hong Kong's financial district—there are some 73 banks—are the herb stores, the pharmacies of Chinese medicine. The witches in *Macbeth* could have drawn inspiration for their brew from the items on the shelves. Glass canisters line one wall, small wooden drawers fill another, all of them stocked with such remedies as some 40 varieties of deer's antler from the Manchurian forest, sea horses from the Gulf of Tonkin, bear's entrails from the Tibetan highlands, and unfamiliar cures for, among other ailments, "soft feet" and "hidden women's diseases."

Deer's antler and ginseng root made medicinal history. The first emperor of the Ch'in dynasty dispatched emissaries during the third century to find a substance to make him live forever. But herbs are the most common prescription. They can be steeped as a tea or, as one package suggests, "cooked with chicken broth." It is believed that the experimentation with herbs may have led to the extraordinary tastes and richness of the Chinese cuisine. I would hesitate to identify all the seasonings used in a 12-course feast at the elegant Man Wah Restaurant in the Mandarin Hotel, but I had no quarrel with the subtle flavoring of the minced pigeon sauté wrapped in cool lettuce leaves, the cauliflower in crab-coral sauce, or double-boiled winter-melon soup.

Tin Hau festival—"Flags fused together like dots in a pointillist painting."

This kind of meal shows a formal, rather classy side of Chinese cooking, prepared by a *dai si fu,* or master chef. A repast at the Kowloon Pe-king Restaurant—specializing, as their card says, in Mongolian Bar-B-Qued—requires a group effort. Plates of Kleenex-thin raw abalone, garoupa, shrimp, beef and cabbage, bean sprouts, chives, red and green peppers, and vermicelli surround a large, round griddle in the center of the table. An overhead lamp lowers down like a surgeon's light, and everyone concocts his own supper.

Floating restaurants, as they are known, lie moored in the harbor at Aberdeen, a half-hour's drive from Hong Kong. Both the Tai Pak and Sea Palace look like anchored Mark Twain riverboats, transformed, with a few turned-up edges and bright colors, into unmistakably Chinese vessels. At night, yellow lights, bright as topaz, outline the restaurants.

But it is in daylight that the story of Aberdeen unfolds most vividly. Once a pirate shelter, then a center for shipbuilding, Aberdeen has provided a home for the floating population, called "boat," or "Tanka," people. They live on sampans and junks crowded into the harbor in neat lines, like waterized covered wagons. For centuries, Tanka people have been considered a race apart. Chinese law forbade them to settle ashore, marry "land" people, or take government examinations. This discrimination no longer exists, and now some of the younger generation attend school ashore and are drawn by the promise of better housing and industry. Equally important in the shifting patterns is the fact that local waters have been depleted, and motorized junks and trawlers now fish farther afield.

Modernity may be changing the habits of the Tanka, but they still celebrate

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"An offer to send in a rescue helicopter was among the more conservative reactions to my proposed retreat to the Monastery of the Precious Lotus."

the annual festival of Tin Hau, goddess of the fishermen. One of the biggest celebrations is held at Joss House Bay, about 45 minutes by ferry from the Hong Kong side. One by one, junks festooned with banners nosed their way into the harbor until flags from the different boats seemed to fuse together like dots in a pointillist painting. Chinese music blared forth from the largest boat, and twosomes performed the traditional lion dance on deck.

Archaeological digs show that Cheung Chau, or Long Island, was already a fishing village some 2,500 years ago. Today, it is known as a weekend spot for the people of Hong Kong, who are just beginning to discover the "country"; as a residential quarter preferred by Hong Kong's journalists (someone said that if there was a typhoon on Hong Kong, no one would ever know because the journalists couldn't get back there to report it); and as a place for storekeepers to open up a second shop.

Yet Cheung Chau retains the look and the smells of yesterday's prosperous fishing community. On this small island, which can be covered on foot in three and a half hours, there are no cars, and bicycle bells and cowbells are the only sounds that might jangle a stroller's nerves. The best time to arrive is mid-morning by the water taxi from Hong Kong. Then the boardwalk becomes the marketplace. Hakka women, in their sombrero-like hats with the curtain fringe, painstakingly arrange pale-beige shrimps on nets to dry in the sun; others chop *daufu,* or bean curd, into shapes that would fit a jigsaw puzzle designed by Braque; a gnarled man draped in black bends over straw baskets that hold fresh yellow flowers and green *bok choy*; and a young boy threads his way through the crowd, carrying fresh steamed shrimp, trailing a tantalizing aroma. To appease an aroused appetite, one could reach for the nearest *dim sum,* tidbits wrapped in dough bunting, offered for a few pennies by strolling vendors.

Beyond this marketplace, the side streets provide an accessible, close-hand look at some Chinese traditions. In one shop, jade is turned from coarse rock (piled at the doorstep) into polished rings and bracelets. Next door, an old man sells paper replicas of boats, television sets, airplanes, and money stamped "Hell Bank Notes" that are buried with the dead, a symbol of some of the luxuries unattainable in this life but available in the hereafter.

The harbor area of Cheung Chau devotes itself to commercial enterprise, but the other side of the island is quite rural. Toward its center, green-and-yellow fields carpet the curve of the hillside, and tropical shrubbery edges a path leading down to secluded beaches. On this very path lies a graveyard whose tombstones slant toward the sea. Here is an example of the arcane science known as *fung shui,* a phrase that translates literally as "wind and water." The location of new buildings and auspicious burial sites, to name two things, is determined by the prevailing winds, running water, and contours of the land. (The price for an improper burial runs high—nothing less than misfortune cast upon future generations.)

Fung shui holds as important a place here as astrology does in India. The idea permeates even the most sophisticated businesses. Hong Kong Land Company, one of Asia's biggest realtors, always consults a *fung shui* expert before beginning construction. Sheraton set the opening date for its new hotel with *fung shui* help. And the manager of Sheraton's next-door neighbor, Hong Kong's famed Peninsula Hotel, checked with *his* sources to make sure that the Sheraton didn't have bad *fung shui* for the Peninsula. In that event, he had planned to install mirrors on the appropriate floor, a traditional method to repel such adversity; but it proved unnecessary.

Lantao Island, twice the size of Hong Kong and an hour's ferry ride away, is earmarked for a 900-acre resort development. Located at Discovery Bay, the complex will have luxury hotels, apartment units, resort homes, community centers, and shopping facilities ready to welcome a projected 20,000 visitors by 1980. Until then, island attractions include sprawling Long Beach, Tung Chung fort, Tai O fishing village, and in my view, the special experienc of spending an afternoon and night : the Precious Lotus Monastery.

A monastery? One would hav thought I was Héloise, stashing myse away in perpetual self-denial, destine to sleep on wooden boards and dine c vegetables and rice forever. Well, I su pose on the surface it was a startlir departure from the impeccable quarte of the Mandarin Hotel. An offer to ser in a rescue helicopter was among tl more conservative reactions to my pr posed retreat. Few seemed to rememb that it is the tradition of Buddhist mo asteries to welcome guests. The goir rate here is four dollars for bed ar board. For those who want just a mors of monastic life, the monks offer a veg tarian lunch—mushrooms and bambc shoots, egg roll, fried bean curd, mixe vegetables, and praise be, that Americ standard, Campbell's alphabet soup.

Once a series of huts atop the mou tain ridge, the 70-year-old monaste compound consists of two large, orna buildings—prayer halls adorned wi orange, red, and yellow flags, golde statues of Buddha, elaborate wall car ings, and fruit offerings—dormitorie and a dining hall. Urns of orchids ar greenery bloom in the profusion e pected of a Shangri-la, and adorn eve possible corner.

Beautiful, albeit isolated, the mona tery is a home and a study center for tl older monks *and* nuns, but as the re ervation clerk informed me in halti English, the younger generation monks and nuns only come here study. They all pad around in slippe sandals, dressed in gray or brown robe their heads shaved smooth as globe None of them speak English; yet I w a strange but welcome guest, and o nun smiled and said "thank you" as sl passed by. It was a touching gesture communication.

At a respectful distance, a guest c watch the prayers, which take place sunrise, mid-day, late afternoon, ar evening, and partake of the vegetari dinner, mostly bean curd prepared different styles, and some repeats fro their luncheon menu.

But mostly, the monastery is a pla for contemplating and perhaps conside ing some of the excesses of one's ov life. And so I did, curled up on a ha bed draped in mosquito netting, dull to drowsiness by the whispered praye of the nuns at my bedside, only the ra tling of their beads to stir the stillness.

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Inside Story

by Henry Hewes

After the New York Drama Critics Circle had voted British playwright David Storey's *The Contractor* the best play of the 1973–74 season, it decided by the narrowest of margins, one vote, to select the best American play as well. Again by the narrowest of margins, one point (in a 3-2-1 weighted ballot system), Miguel Piñero's *Short Eyes* edged David Rabe's *Boom Boom Room*, with Terrence McNally's *Bad Habits* finishing a very close third.

All this suggests a certain critical reluctance to endorse any American play this year, and the objection to *Short Eyes* was presumably that this play of prison life, written by a 27-year-old ex-convict, is more documentary than drama. But although *Short Eyes* is primarily a synthesis of the wretched yet somehow vibrant world found inside a New York City house of detention, it does have a plot and a good deal of dramatic imagination.

Inside a tiled dayroom, caged human beings co-exist by observing each other's territorial imperatives. The whites are in the minority, and despite the advantage of being supervised mainly by sympathetic white police, they must accept the new realities that go with being outnumbered by Puerto Ricans and blacks. Each prisoner must also accept the fact that physical confrontations are inevitable and that the only protection is an ultimate willingness to fight back. This applies especially to those sensitive and boyish inmates who attract homosexual advances from their sex-starved brothers.

The play attains a degree of focus through two characters who in different ways are released from this human zoo. One is Cupcakes, an attractive young Rican," who is soon to be homosexually raped, not because he wants it, but because his will to resist is weak. This weakness is also demonstrated when Cupcakes "places himself above understanding" to side with the pack in their brutal attack on a mentally sick child-molester. At the end, Juan, the wisest member of the group, tells the departing Cupcakes, "Hey, wait. Don't run. Your fear of this place stole your spirit, and this ain't no pawnshop."

Short Eyes—*Wretched yet vibrant world inside a house of detention.*

The other focal character is Clark Davis, a white man with a wife and child, who is addicted to entering into forbidden sexual experiences with little girls. This kind of offender (nicknamed "Short Eyes") is considered a contaminating element in a community of "normal" criminals, and only Juan is able to balance the reality that if Davis gets out of jail he will only "scar up some more little girls' minds" against his Christian understanding that Davis is just one more human being pressured by social and psychological forces into deviation from prescribed norms. The investigation and cover-up of the prisoners' assault on Davis by a white police captain adds a touch of irony, because the captain is concerned not about justice but about the dangerous example of a white police officer condoning and assisting an attack on a white prisoner by non-whites.

HOWEVER, the stories of Cupcakes and Davis are treated as elements in a larger whole. What is really happening in *Short Eyes* is the fierce struggle of men to find ways of existing within the barbaric conditions of detention.

Although the proceedings are corrosively crammed with undeleted expletives, slang inaudibles, and repulsively violent action, there is a joyous theatrical imagination at work in the playwright, in director Marvin Felix Camillo, and in the actors (most of whom are themselves ex-cons) that lifts the interplay above documentary or case history into real theater. A bunch of inmates' ingeniously creating a bongo concert with only a table and their voices builds into a celebrious interlude. And a black convict relating his sex fantasy about Jane Fonda is zestful and funny.

Short Eyes was first presented in January by Mr. Camillo's group, The Family, at the Theater of Riverside Church. From there it was moved by Joseph Papp to the Off Broadway Public Theater. Finally, in May *Short Eyes* was restaged in David Mitchell's extremely effective new setting at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, where it stands as the most theatrically vivid attraction of the New York Shakespeare Festival's first season of occupancy.

Beyond the contribution *Short Eyes* makes to art and prison reform, it is a visible product of a phenomenon with a history and a future. In the following pages Barbara Mackay explores this growing theatrical development. □

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Theater Behind Bars

by Barbara Mackay

The success of *Short Eyes* has sparked a great deal of interest in prison theater, but most articles and interviews have given the impression that Miguel Piñero and "The Family" invented prison drama or that it sprang up spontaneously in the wasteland of America's jails.

In fact, prison theater has a considerable history. It began in 1958, when Herbert Blau and Jules Irving brought a production of *Waiting for Godot* to San Quentin, inspiring inmate Rick Cluchey to start the first in-prison theater. Since then, a few determined, dedicated, and underpaid individuals have been putting on plays and establishing writing and acting workshops in prisons throughout the United States. In the New York–New Jersey area alone there are four theater groups affiliated with penal institutions—The Theater for the Forgotten, The Street Theater of Ossining, The Cell Block Theater, and The New York Street Theater Caravan—as well as a number of companies that play in prisons by invitation.

When Akila Couloumbis went to perform at New York's House of Detention on Riker's Island in 1967, only one inmate out of 550 had ever seen a play. Since then, Couloumbis and his partner, Beverly Rich, have set up ten workshops in prisons and houses of detention throughout Queens, Manhattan, and the Bronx, and from September to June 1973 their Theater for the Forgotten did close to 300 performances for the inmates in five eastern states. As a result of Couloumbis and Rich's work, there are now some prisoners in the metropolitan area who see more plays per year than some resident New Yorkers do.

Barbara Mackay is a recent graduate of the Yale Drama School's criticism program.

"Well, nice seeing you. Lots of luck and all that polyphony."

When Couloumbis went to Riker's Island for that first performance seven years ago, though, he had no intention of becoming so involved in penal institutions. He was simply an actor in search of an audience and figured that jails could provide the public he needed. But once the group began rehearsing they found the inmates so interested and willing to help that Couloumbis decided to incorporate as many of them as he could into his next production, a study of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. When the 11 professional actors and 45 inmates performed Robert Noah's *The Advocate* the response from a specially invited outside audience was overwhelming. The group made plans to include inmates in plays on a regular basis and to prepare them for performing through workshops. With grants from the Kaplan Fund and the New York State Council on the Arts, The Theater for the Forgotten began holding acting classes at Riker's Island in 1968.

The object of most prison workshops is to create an atmosphere in which prisoners can express their ideas, can release their emotions and learn to control them. The classes function much as group-therapy sessions do: teachers use theater games, exercises, role playing and psychodrama (in which participants act out traumatic scenes from their own lives) in order to increase the inmates' awareness of their feelings, particularly those that have been repressed.

Improvisation is the most popular workshop technique. It allows the prisoners to feel uninhibited, but at the same time it forces them to use logic and imagination, to cooperate with others, and to articulate their emotions. Most important, improvisation builds up the inmates' confidence in their ability to handle the unexpected without resorting to violence. In New Jersey's Cell Block Theater (run by Alba Oms, Ramon Gordon, and Thea Lammers), certain improvisations must contain a conflict that can't be resolved violently or by calling the police. The inmate must find other ways to solve the scene's dilemma.

FOR MANY INMATES, these workshops are not just another recreational activity. Most prisoners create a persona in jail as a way of being distinguished from the others. One may spend all of his money on tailor-made uniforms. Another will carry around a load of books, whether he reads them or not. And for many prisoners, association with theater be-

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›mes their "thing." Acting, reading, riting, and analyzing scripts provide a ›nstructive self-image as well as an nportant emotional and intellectual ıtlet.

In addition to acting workshops, many ·isons now have writing classes. One : the shows taken on tour by The Cell lock Theater is composed entirely of ›etry written by inmates, and a major ırt of its new rehabilitation program cludes a script-writing course that was unched by playwright Arthur Miller.

recent study published by The Cell lock Theater suggests that prisoners ho have been exposed to these writing ıd acting workshops usually remain ıt of jail once they are released. Ac-›rding to Cell Block's statistics, the rate ' re-arrest among workshop partici-ınts amounts to only 10 percent, as ›posed to 85 percent, the national rate ' recidivism.

Although 25 ex-inmates have been red by The Theater for the Forgotten teachers, stagehands, actors, or tech-cians, Couloumbis and Rich do not ıcourage inmates to look forward to future in theater, since there are al-ady so many actors and directors out work in New York. The Theater for e Forgotten simply hopes to channel e prisoners' inventiveness and to create sense of responsibility, encourage good ›rk habits, and replace what Couloum-s calls the "criminal hustle"—which ›t them in trouble in the first place—th the "square hustle" necessary for rvival in the outside, competitive ›rld.

Occasionally, though, prisoners do ›rk in the professional theater. Before ñero and The Family, there was a 1967 f-Broadway production of ex-convict hn Herbert's play, *Fortune and Men's ›es*. In 1970, a group of San Quentin -inmates, who called themselves the ırbwire Theater, toured the country th ex-convict Rick Cluchey's play, *The ıge*. And last year, *The Ballad of Dan-rous George*, by another San Quentin raduate," Ken Whelan, was produced San Francisco.

Although San Quentin, Chino, and ›ledad prisons have had workshops in e past, interest in drama on the West ›ast seems to have waned. At present, ›ne of the major California jails has a gular drama program. And many con-›ts throughout the States—particularly the South—see theater only when the ew York Street Theater Caravan ısses through. Under the direction of Marketa Kimbrell, this group has appeared in every major American prison. In many, it was the first—and only—troupe to perform.

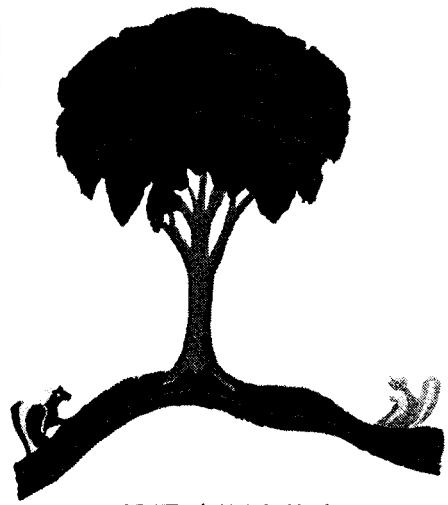
On the East Coast, though, there is more prison theater than ever. The Cell Block Theater has just launched its "Crucial Bridge-Gap Therapy" program, designed to rehabilitate released convicts. The Street Theater of Ossining, New York, run by Gray Smith, has gotten a federal grant to work in eight penal institutions throughout New York State. And The Theater for the Forgotten has recently become affiliated with the governmentally funded Wildcat Program, which allows prisoners on work-release, parole, or probation to be paid while working with the program.

EVEN WHEN ADEQUATE FUNDS are available, though, these groups face other problems—for instance, finding the right material to perform for inmates. While prisoners were less politically motivated and polarized before the Attica uprising of 1971, they now demand relevant drama, but the wardens naturally will not allow any performance that speaks too directly to the inmates' situation. In prisons, the line dividing relevance from radicalism is very thin. Moreover, many prison officials discourage theater workshops these days since they create a sense of fraternity, and as Attica proved, solidarity among inmates is a threat to the prison power structure.

Fortunately, most people who work in prisons are willing to put up with all the administrative, technical, and financial problems, perhaps because of the prisoners' enthusiasm and need. Among the many letters in The Theater for the Forgotten's files is this one from an ex-inmate:

> When I first got into the group I was very reticent and really fearful of mingling. . . . Well, I'm over my fear. Thanks!
>
> [And] the workshop, especially during rehearsals, is a hell of a place to get off frustrations and to forget the problem of doing time. Thanks again.
>
> Most of all . . . [the workshop] gave me a new outlook on many crude aspects of my life and personality. It changed my self-evaluation and restored my faith in myself and others. It gave me hope.
>
> And dig this: and this is on the Very Real Side: . . . I kind of found out that everyone's not against me. I really felt that way.

It is this kind of response that keeps Akila Couloumbis driving a cab at night to support his family, so he can have his days free to go to prisons, continuing what he calls his "work of love." □



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(Continued from page 7.)
as large a share of the oil income as possible for the Norwegian society." The sentiment did not serve to lighten American spirits during those gloomy winter evenings in Stavanger, and though no moves have yet been made to renegotiate the Ekofisk agreements, the threat of "retrospective blackmail" lingers ominously in that cold, clear air.

Meanwhile, with each new round of exploration, the blue-eyed Arabs of the North raise the price of admission. Since the discovery of Ekofisk, two major finds have been made on the borderline demarcating the British and Norwegian sectors of the North Sea—one a huge natural-gas field (Frigg-Heimdal), the other an equally huge oil field (Brent), both scheduled to begin producing in 1976. Norway's Brent concessions, allocated hastily last summer to keep pace with British activity on the other side of the line, leave no doubt as to who will be in control. Mobil, the operating company, has a 15 percent participation; four other multi-nationals among them have 35 percent; the remaining 50 percent goes to Statoil, Norway's new government-owned oil company. If you cup your ear, you can already hear the cry of "Yank, go home" in the distance.

To SUGGEST, however, that Norwegians are animated chiefly by xenophobic greed would be to do them an injustice. In truth, they do not need much oil themselves, and they seem disinclined to divvy up the fiscal booty at home. Their policy is to get rich slowly. One inquires why they do not drastically lower taxes (Norwegians being among the most heavily taxed wretches on earth). No, that would only serve to fuel inflation. Then, why not invest the proceeds from oil in new industries? No, that would only persuade young people to leave the farm. Well, why not build dance halls, amusement parks, bingo parlors, mixed saunas—anything to inject some joy into the long Nordic night? No, that might change the quality of Norwegian life.

So we must look elsewhere in accounting for their obduracy. It is ethics, not cupidity, that provides the clue. The Norwegians are tightfisted about their oil because they feel under no compulsion to underwrite the West's profligate consumption of energy. They are a parsimonious people, and they believe that their European neighbors could benefit from a crash course in parsimony themselves. "The cheap supply of oil has led to a valuable resource being squandered on a vast scale," Norway's foreign minister, Knut Frydenlund, observed recently. "Oil products are being burned up in their various forms at a rate that is entirely unnecessary and which in fact contributes nothing to our standard of living or our well-being—rather the opposite. This squandering applies also to the unnecessary use of other products deriving from oil. Here, too, the consumption in some fields has become so extensive that one may well wonder if it is not more of a nuisance than a benefit. We can no longer permit ourselves a capitalistic—or for that matter, communistic—expansion, which sprouts and grows in all directions where so-called profitable openings are to be found. It will be necessary to have a conscious system of community management. The Norwegian government regards this as one of its main responsibilities."

In short, if the West has no conscience about wasting oil, Norway will endeavor to be its keeper. What better way than to control and ration the supplies that a kind Providence has bestowed under its continental shelf?

The ethic of forethought and caution is certain to animate Norway's attitude toward its as yet unexplored waters to the north. To date, only the area south of the sixty-second parallel has been opened up for exploration, and that only in part. This is the portion of Norwegian territorial waters that has been delimited by bilateral agreement with Great Britain, Denmark, and Sweden. But north of the sixty-second parallel lies 80 percent of Norway's continental shelf. No boundaries have yet been drawn—and in the Barents Sea there is a strategically sensitive line of demarcation between Norway's waters and the Soviet Union's—but the right of a sovereign state to exploit it own continental shelf is well establishe under current international law. No on knows when the Norwegian governmer will allow drilling to start north of th sixty-second parallel or what will b found there, but educated guesses sug gest that several more Ekofisks may b lurking beneath those icy waters. Gov ernment seismic surveys show the ex istence of tremendous sedimentary basir —just the sort of geological structure i which oil is normally found.

WHEN AND IF OIL does start flowing fror the north, it is certain to be under Nor wegian auspices. Private enterprises wi no longer be given the right to explo these resources for their own profit and a their own pace. If multi-national oil com panies are allowed to get in on the actior it will be in a consultancy and servic capacity. They may not be needed at al Norwegians are fast learners in the o game (they are already second only t the United States as manufacturers of oi exploration gear), and before too lon the government will have achieved it stated aim of phasing out foreign entre preneurs altogether. The lesson is nc being lost on Britain's new Labor gov ernment, which has some re-appraisal c North Sea oil policy coming up on i own agenda.

Meanwhile, back at Stavanger th work of supplying and developing the a ready proven oil fields continues apac The town and its environs serve as heac quarters not only for the multi-national Norwegian subsidiaries but also for th Ministry of Oil and the governmen owned Statoil company. To look at th place, you would never know it. With i tidy clapboard houses and screamir gulls, its unpolluted salt air and qui streets, Stavanger has a lot more in con mon with Provincetown, Massachusett than with Galveston, Texas. All this according to plan. "We don't want boom-and-bust economy," explains Pet Holst, manager of the Chamber of Con merce. As a result, Stavanger looks ar feels not much different today than it d before anyone had heard of Ekofis Somehow the new residents and the ne installations have been accommodat without turning the place topsy-turv "Our aim," says Arve Johnsen, direct of Statoil, "is not to maximize profits b to develop the resources at a rate accep able to the Norwegian people." It is a attitude the rest of the world might po der to advantage. ROLAND GELAT

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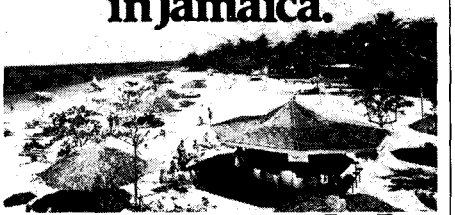

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,earning to Play Nature's Game

RICHARD Lewis's article about new lunar knowledge, which begins on the next page, reminds me of a story that was obably already old when I first heard Wernher von Braun ll it at a NASA dinner some years ago. It's the one about e fellow who deplores the idea of going to the moon on the ounds that "it ain't natural. We should stay on earth and atch television, like the good Lord intended." I resurrect is well-worn punchline now only because it so beautifully pifies our attitude toward technological innovation. Whatver we have become accustomed to—even an item as extraornarily sophisticated as TV—seems natural. But a radical w development appears threatening; hence it goes against ture and is viewed dimly as unwarranted tampering with od's intent.

Lunar voyages have perhaps become sufficiently routine now to seem natural. But the same is not yet quite true of r inner-space explorations, a few of which are discussed in ul Kent's article, "Perinatology: The New Science of Childrth." Attempts to enhance the health of embryos and fetuses hile still in the womb or to improve their chances through search in procreative biology and genetics seem to many a ally unnatural "tampering with life." We still speak with ong overtones of disapproval of "artificial" insemination d "test-tube" babies.

Yet, if we consider the way we live our lives, what do we that is natural? Nature did not furnish us with shoes or eglasses. Nor is it anywhere ordained that a hen should lay eggs in order that we might eat them, or that a sheep should ow its wool for human clothing. We build houses to shelter rselves, artificially, from the elements. All our medicine d surgery is designed to frustrate what seem to be the natal processes of disease, degeneration, and death. Darkness natural; yet we violate it constantly in a rather God-like shion. We say, in effect: let there be light. And we flick the itch, and there is light.

If we tried to be natural in the true sense of the word, we ould have to go barefoot and naked all the time. For food e would gather roots and grubs and eat them as they are hunt only animals we could catch with our hands. Inasuch as tools, weapons, and utensils are all unnatural, we ould have to tear our prey apart and eat our meat raw. In inter we would freeze, because building a fire would be nother unnatural act—though presumably we could roast rselves in the heat of a forest that had caught fire "natully." The truth is that if human beings were to begin acting a totally natural fashion, they could not survive at all.

I would like to argue, in fact, that human beings acting turally would not be *human* at all. That's right—it may not be human nature to be natural. "Whatever can happen, with or without intelligent control, is natural," says the Reverend Joseph Fletcher in his excellent new paperback, *The Ethics of Genetic Control*. "Man is 'higher' than the lower animal orders because of his intelligence, his brain capacity—those precious layers of cerebral cortex. It is precisely artificiality that is man's hallmark."

In a memorable article in the old *Saturday Review* ("A Strategy for the War With Nature," February 15, 1966), Eric Hoffer argues that human beings can be comfortable on earth only by combating or outwitting nature on many levels. In *A God Within*, René Dubos remarks upon how many of the world's most admired "natural" beauties are in fact man-made landscapes. His point is that while man *does* have to adapt nature artificially to his needs, he must not omit adapting himself to nature's nature as well. Our tradition-honored "dominion" over this planet and all its creatures should not be exploitative or destructive. Dubos advises us to adopt the gentle Benedictine approach to nature—to use our dominion, not as the right to waste and plunder, but rather as a mandate for *custodianship* of our planet and its future.

We should have learned from the painful lessons of the past few years—pollution and the energy crisis, to name two—that we can't get away with our old idea of dominion, at least not indefinitely. What we must do instead, as Jonas Salk suggests in *Survival of the Wisest*, is to learn to "play nature's game"—certainly to use all our wit, art, and artifice to be as happy as we can reasonably manage, but with a due sensitivity for what is harmonious with our natural surroundings. The fossil record is a constant reminder of how many now-extinct species have been losers in nature's game.

TWO ARTICLES—one on lunar exploration, the other on perinatology. Two images arise: one, a fetus curled in the womb, its life-support systems contained in its amniotic-placental capsule; the other, an astronaut, curled fetally in his space capsule, its life-support systems dependent on the umbilical-placental radio link with its mother, earth. Out of both, another contemporary image: earth itself as a space capsule, with all humankind dependent on its life-supporting ecosystems—in a word, on nature.

With these images in mind, I think again of the character in von Braun's story, pro-TV, anti-moon. Maybe he isn't so stupid as we make him out to be. What he *says* sounds foolish, but perhaps what his intuition says to *him* is not. He senses that tampering with nature *is* hazardous. If the result is TV in the living room—well, OK, that's comfortable and welcome. But if the tampering is headlong and heedless, it scares him, and his fears shout: watch it—go easy.

And he is right, of course. If we don't learn to play nature's game, maybe nature just won't play!

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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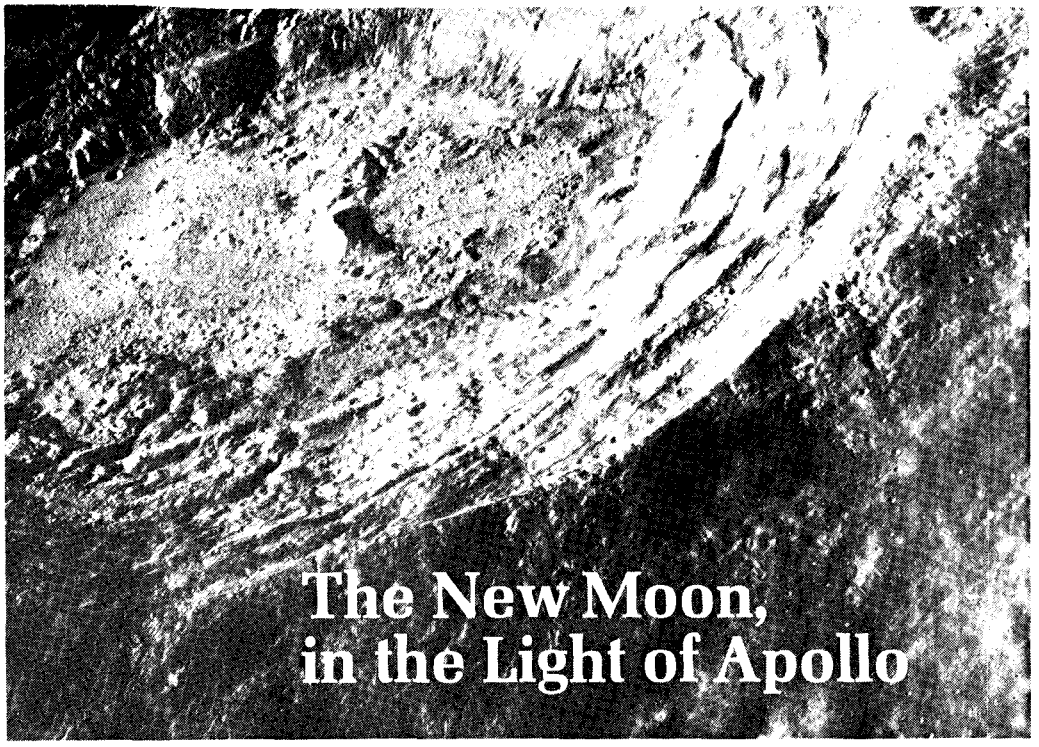

NASA

The New Moon, in the Light of Apollo

Was the moon always a cold, inert space rock? Apollo probes have proved that the moon's history has been as turbulent and volcanic as that of the earth.

by Richard Lewis

Now that the Apollo program is officially at an end, now that all the astronauts have made those utterly incredible round trips to the moon that came to seem so routine, now that our scientists have had a chance to look at the data and the rocks—how much do we know about our nearest companion in space that we didn't know before? What mysteries have been cleared up? In March 1974 scientists gathered at the Fifth Lunar Science Conference in Houston to address themselves to precisely these questions.

A decade ago, when we began to probe the moon with reconnaissance vehicles, leading scientists thought it was a fossil left over from the creation of the solar system. They were excited by the prospect that on the moon they might find a primeval crust 4.5 billion years old, the supposed age of the solar system. Such primitive material would contain a record of the chemical composition of the terrestrial planets (Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars) and the moon at the very time they are presumed to have condensed from the dust and gas of the primordial solar nebula.

On the earth, the original crust had long since been obliterated by volcanoes, convection processes, erosion, ice ages. Cooked again and again in the volcanic fires of a seething interior, earth landscapes appeared and disappeared; mountains rose and were eroded by wind and water; land masses broke up and drifted apart. Primeval rocks vanished. The scars of early meteoritic bombardment, which must have cratered the early earth as well as the moon, were erased on the restless, turbulent earth.

But on the moon, little appeared to have changed. It seemed to be a museum, a Rosetta stone from which we might decipher the origin and evolution of the solar system.

Before Apollo and the reconnaissance programs (Ranger, Surveyor, and Orbiter) that preceded it, the predominant view of the moon characterized it as a dead body, its composition pretty much the same throughout, something like a stony meteorite. Compared with the earth, it was cold and inert. It thus appeared to be a naturally preserved piece of genesis.

After the voyages of Apollo (Jul 1969 to December 1972), this concep tion appeared to be as far off the mar as Verrazano's sixteenth-century cor cept of *el mare orientale.*

The predominant view of the moo that emerged from the Houston confe ence defined it as a planet that evolved b processes similar to, but less extensiv than, those that shaped the earth—aft which it was captured by the gravit of the earth. Although the moon *now* inactive, in contrast to the earth it must have had a turbulent earl history. Thus we can only guess at i earliest physical makeup, since all re ord of its primordial composition wa long ago consumed in plutonic and vo canic fires. As a result of eons of meltin and cooling, the early crust of the moo has long since been obliterated as tho oughly as that of the earth.

This was one of the first discoveri made in the Apollo program. Rock brought back by the astronauts wer found to have been reconstituted tim and again. They had cooled from a mel had been pulverized by meteoritic im pacts, and then had been remelted an recrystallized. In this process the prim val chemistry of much of the moon wa altered; the primeval composition wa lost.

Some of the returned samples we pieces of basaltic lava, which had boile out of the interior between 3.8 and 3 billion years ago to flood the great basi excavated by impacts of large planetoid The missile that created the Imbriu basin 3.9 billion years ago is believe to have been the size of the island Cyprus.

Many of the rocks were a conglome ate called *breccia*—the compacted fra ments of various ages. These had cryst lized from molten material at differe times and had been welded into a rock mass by the heat and pressure of m teorite impacts. Some had been blow out of craters struck by meteorites an had been hurled outward for hundre of miles, forming the giant splash mar that we see as lighter-colored rays em nating from the big craters, like Cope nicus and Tycho.

In all six Apollo surface missions, th astronauts stubbornly searched for "genesis" rock that would reveal th chemistry of the moon at birth. The clo est they came was finding a fragme of a volcanic species of rock known o the earth as *dunite.* It was embedded in

Richard Lewis is the author of a forthcoming book on the exploration of the moon, called The Voyages of Apollo, *to be published this fall.*

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ece of breccia found by astronauts Harson H. Schmitt and Eugene A. Cernan the valley of Taurus-Littrow during pollo 17. Gerald J. Wasserburg and asciates at the California Institute of echnology dated it as 4.5 billion years d. It was a relic of the primitive moon, cavated from its depths by some anent meteoritic impact. It may even have en a chip of the early mantle. But where did truly pristine samples of a imeval crust turn up. This disappointent doesn't mean, however, that we dn't learn many new things and acuire many new ideas about the moon.

For instance, the notion that the moon ight explain the solar system has now en exactly reversed. We now know that e have to understand the origin and olution of the solar system in order to plain the *moon*'s beginnings. There is analogue: sixteenth-century geograers found they had to know the dimenons of the earth before they could meare those of their New World.

In this sense, Apollo has given us a w moon—a satellite as different from e pre-Apollo conception as the modern rld is from the Ptolemaic earth of anquity. Even the moonscape is new! one is the angular, geometric, Dalique scene, with its knife-edge scarps, ich characterized artists' pre-Apollo nceptions.

That picture has been replaced by haran scenes of rolling desert hills and unded crater rims, sloping down into adowed depths. In the dark-hued bais that Renaissance observers called *aria*, or seas, the colors are gray in one ht, tan in another. Banded mountains e, like multi-tinted, striped sand dunes, o miles or more above the cratered ains of the bright *terrae*, or highlands. Erosion has been at work on the moon, on the earth, but through different ocesses. It has abraded the sharp edges d smoothed the contours of ridges and les. In this airless, waterless world, the osive agents are space dust, large eteorites, and the subatomic particles the solar wind—the nuclear matter at is exhaled from the sun's corona and ows between the planets. Deflected om the earth's surface by the umbrella the geomagnetic field, the solar wind ikes the surface of the moon directly. Over eons, these agents have sculpted surface that the astronauts found exaordinarily varied and starkly beauti-l. Though volcanic transformation apars to have ended 3 billion years ago, osion continues. Rocks break away and roll down mountain slopes, leaving eternal tracks. The surface material, called the *regolith*, is gardened by a constant rain of debris.

"We now know that we have to understand the origin and evolution of the solar system in order to explain the moon's beginnings."

Gases forming a tenuous atmosphere flow over the surface. Other forces, too, are at work. At the March conference, Thomas Gold and G. J. Williams of Cornell University proposed that electric fields on the surface actually transport grains of soil for significant distances "on a geologically important scale."

Since the crater Copernicus was excavated by the impact of a big projectile an estimated 800 million years ago, the rate of major bombardment has diminished, as though the moon had by then swept up most of the cosmic debris in its vicinity. Even at this late date, though, there are occasional leftovers. The evidence comes from moonquake detectors (*seismometers*) set up by various teams of astronauts in Oceanus Procellarum, in the southern and eastern arcs of the rim of Mare Imbrium, and in the highlands near the crater Descartes. On an average of once a month, these instruments report the impact of grapefruit-sized meteorites. They also report minor moonquakes at monthly intervals as the moon nears *perigee*, the point in its orbit that is closest to the earth. At this nearest point, on both the earth and the moon, land tides—raised by their mutual pull —reach a maximum, presumably moving residual pools of still-molten rock deep within the moon.

Occasionally, a big projectile crashes down, sometimes on the far side. It sends shock waves racing all the way through the moon. The changes in the shock waves' velocities as they pass through the rocks are noted by sensitive detectors. When the detectors' signals are radioed back to earth, they give scientists a clear, X-ray-like picture of the moon's internal structure. It now appears to be layered concentrically like the earth, with a crust, a mantle, and a core of iron or iron sulfide. Part of the core appears to be molten, like the earth's.

The surprising structural similarities of the earth and the moon are, in fact, among the major discoveries of the space age. They imply that the terrestrial planets developed in a similar way.

This is naturally fascinating for people who spend their lives trying to find out how things work in the solar system—for example, whether there *are* any general laws of planetary development that we can perceive at the present level of our scientific and technical know-how.

The stakes are much bigger, though, than the mere satisfaction of curiosity. They affect our very survival on a planet whose resources we are draining and whose biosphere our civilization threatens.

THE NEW MOON that rose at the March lunar science conference—the first to provide perspective on the results of all six Apollo lunar landings—has been evolving before our eyes for ten years.

Our first close-up view of the surface came from Ranger 7, our first successful lunar-photo probe. Before it crashed in Mare Nubium on July 31, 1964, it radioed back the first pictures of craters nested within craters, down to a few inches in diameter. We could then see how meteoritic impacts had fashioned the surface.

When Surveyor 1 soft-landed in Oceanus Procellarum on June 2, 1966, its television camera showed us an undulating landscape for the first time. Viewed close up, the soil resembled that of a plowed field in Illinois or Iowa.

The following year, Surveyor 5, equipped with a chemical analyzer, revealed that the dark surface of Mare Tranquillitatis was made of basalt, a volcanic rock well known on the earth.

This finding was amply confirmed by the rocks returned from Tranquillity Base in 1969 by Neil A. Armstrong and Edwin E. Aldrin. The area was covered with basalt rich in iron and titanium. It had obviously crystallized from molten lava.

These findings were a blow to two major theories of the moon's origin: (1) that it had fissioned from the earth and (2) that it was a sort of uncooked supermeteorite. The findings supported a less popular theory: that the moon was a separate planet, captured by the earth.

Further evidence that the moon had been volcanically active for a long time was accumulated by later landings:

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"The surprising structural similarities of the earth and the moon are, in fact, among the major discoveries of the space age. They imply that the terrestrial planets developed in a similar way."

Apollo 12 in Oceanus Procellarum in November 1969, Apollo 14 in the Fra Mauro highlands at the end of January 1971, Apollo 15 at the Apennine Mountain front at the end of July 1971, Apollo 16 in the central highlands in April 1972, and finally Apollo 17 in the Taurus mountains in December 1972.

Analysis of only 5 percent of the 840 pounds of rocks and soil returned to the Johnson Space Center in Houston by these missions has revealed subtle but critical chemical differences between lunar and earth materials.

These differences are generally interpreted as ruling out the likelihood that the moon is a piece of the earth, although the moon's overall density is nearly the same as that of the earth's mantle, the region *below* the crust.

Chemical differences also tend to deflate theories that the moon condensed from debris left over from the accretion of the earth, or that the moon formed as a smaller twin of the earth.

What these distinctions do imply is that the moon was formed in a part of the solar system away from the earth—probably closer to the sun, in view of the moon's lack of volatile material, such as water and elements that vaporize at low temperatures.

OTHER FINDINGS, TOO, support the view of the moon as a separately evolved planet. One is the discovery that lunar rocks have been magnetized, betraying the existence of an ancient magnetic field, now gone. Such a field points to the presence of an iron core, which theorists say would have been necessary to generate the field. Another finding is an internal heat in the moon that is sufficient to melt rocks at a great depth. This internal heat was reported by measurements of electrical conductivity in the moon's interior and by thermometers implanted in the soil to measure the upward flow of heat. The findings support moonquake-detector recordings that indicate the presence of molten material below a depth of 1,000 kilometers.

The source of heat in the moon, as in the earth, is the decay of radioactive elements, principally uranium, thorium, and potassium. Estimates of the moon's bulk composition indicate that these elements are relatively more abundant in the moon than in the earth.

At the March conference, a new scenario of lunar evolution, based on the Apollo findings, was presented by S. R. Taylor of the Australian National University and P. Jakes of the Geological Survey of Czechoslovakia.

They surmised that the moon had accreted 4.5 to 4.6 billion years ago in a part of the solar nebula rich in some tough, heat-resistant elements, like uranium, and poor in those that vaporized readily. In the initial heat of condensation, heavier elements, like iron, sank to the center of the mass. The lightest ones floated to the surface as a scum, forming the primeval crust. The theorists supposed that at least 80 to 90 percent of the moon was molten at the beginning to allow the formation of a core, an intermediate mantle, and a crust in concentric layers.

Then, about 700 million years later, heat from the decay of radioactive elements melted a large portion of the outer moon again. Lava boiled up through the crust and flowed out into great basins, which had been created by the impact of giant planetoids.

According to Wasserburg and his associates at the California Institute of Technology, the ages of lunar rocks, which cluster around a date 4 billion years ago, indicate that the maria were formed about that time by a cataclysmic bombardment. An important feature of this observation is the geologically brief time span during which the cataclysmic barrage occurred, about 100 million years or so.

This suggests that the big, basin-forming projectiles were in orbit around the earth, that they were leftover pieces of debris which the moon collected as it receded from the earth. It is still receding, propelled by tidal interaction with the earth, at an estimated 3 centimeters a year.

The hypothesis of a separate identity for the moon points inevitably to its capture. But how? The capture theory has always been hung up on a dynamic problem: a planetary body coming clos enough to the earth to be captured woul be broken up by the tidal stress of th earth's gravitational field.

At the March conference, two theorie of capture that take this problem int account were offered. Both suppose tha the planetoid which became our moo *did* break up as it passed near th earth and then re-assembled itself i earth orbit. The theories were worked ou independently by Joseph V. Smith of th University of Chicago and John A. Woo and H. E. Mitler of the Smithsonia Astrophysical and Harvard College ob servatories.

Although they vary in explaining th mechanics of breakup and capture, bot theories propose that the planetoid los most of its iron, in which the moon strangely deficient compared with th earth. Both propose that silicate clump of the disrupted invader were disperse in distant earth orbits.

After major pieces were recombine near the earth, the reconstituted moo would then have picked up the mor distant fragments as it spiraled outward These last big pieces of the origina proto-moon can be invoked to accoun for the cosmic cannonballs of the Cal fornia Institute of Technology's cata clysm hypothesis.

WHAT HAVE WE LEARNED from Apollo The late Paul W. Gast, chief scientist a the Johnson Space Center, summed it u this way:

> Prior to getting lunar samples, our concep of the moon was basically simple-minded- that it had an overall chemistry like ston meteorites. Now we see that the moon ha ten times more calcium, aluminum, uran um, thorium, strontium, barium, and rar earth elements than meteorites. That di covery changed our whole concept of th composition of the terrestrial planets.

From studies of Apollo samples ar meteorites, Edward Anders and his co leagues at the University of Chicago pro posed at the March conference that on six primary components form the build ing blocks of *all* solar-system bodie "God used the same ingredients to mak the moon as to make the chondrite [meteorites]," Anders said. "But the pro portions are different."

Like the New World of the sixteent century, the moon is an incomplete di covery. We have learned that it is no after all, the key to creation, but rather port of call in a vast sea, wherein othe ports beckon.

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Perinatology: New Science of Childbirth

by Saul Kent

Can science come up with anything really new about a phenomenon as ancient, and as long studied, as childbirth? Of course it can—and must. Despite the venerable nature of the subject, there is a frustrating lot that we do not yet properly understand about it. Moreover, childbirth is still a much more hazardous undertaking, for both mother and child, than it should be in a proud age of science.

What's new in childbirth right now—radically new—is medicine's thoroughly revised approach to the subject. *Perinatology*, the Greek-and-Latin-based term for it, means literally "in and around [the time of] birth." Accordingly, this new approach does not look upon childbirth as something that happens at a given moment or on a given day—the "birthday"—when the baby officially comes forth into the world outside the womb. Rather, birth is regarded as beginning long before that moment and extending far beyond it.

Ideally, childbirth begins when the child is only a gleam in the minds of its parents, it continues through conception and pregnancy, and it extends well into infancy and early childhood. The process is thus not a *point in* time but rather encompasses a *period of* time—through all of which the developing being requires the best scientific surveillance that medicine and society can offer, to guarantee every baby the best possible start in life.

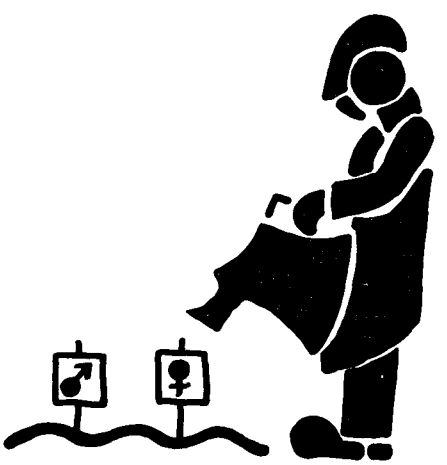
In perinatology, conception-pregnancy-birth as a *functional whole* becomes the new meaning of childbirth. Obviously, this approach often implies a team effort, because neither the ordinary physician nor the extraordinary specialist knows enough to give the *continuing health care* required through the entire perinatal period—especially since, in some definitions, perinatology includes pre-conception care of parents-to-be and child care during growth and development.

Perinatology means that both the obstetrician and pediatrician will be broadening their areas of awareness and responsibility. It also means that they will have to call on, and collaborate with, many specialists—geneticists, endocrinologists, biochemists, surgeons, psychiatrists, social workers. Some physicians and researchers are themselves becoming specialists in limited areas of perinatology; for instance, an *embryologist* focuses increasingly on the early stages of pregnancy; a *fetologist*, on the middle and late stages; and a *neonatologist*, on care of the newborn.

Inasmuch as there are risks at every stage of development, no stage must be neglected. The only way of ensuring this complete coverage is via the perinatal center. A well-equipped center should provide all the facilities, the know-how, and the sophisticated gadgetry now available to facilitate pre-natal diagnosis, delivery, and post-natal treatment of the developing child. For instance, there exist machines that shoot ultrasound waves through the expectant mother's body and produce "pictures" of the fetus and the inside of the uterus, monitoring devices for measuring the fetal heart rate during labor and delivery, and incubators for providing a supportive, stimulating environment for premature infants.

Recent developments in perinatology have enabled physicians to prevent or to cure many of the diseases, and to avoid accidents and deaths, that were the direct result of occurrences during pregnancy—the very period, of course, when the developing child has heretofore been inaccessible to medical intervention. A number of techniques are rapidly becoming standard among perinatologists.

During the first trimester (three-month period) of pregnancy, both ultrasound and hormonal tests are used to determine whether a spontaneous abortion or miscarriage is likely to occur. In the second trimester (three to six months), amniotic fluid—the liquid that bathes the fetus—can be withdrawn through a long, thin needle by the technique known as amniocentesis—to determine the sex of the child and to diagnose a growing number of genetic disorders. From three months on, ultrasound is also used to show the positions of the fetus and placenta and to see whether the fetus is growing at a satisfactory rate. During the final trimester, a series of hormonal and other biomedical tests are available for the purpose of estimating such indicators of fetal well-being as placental function, lung development, metabolism, and the ability to withstand stress. Finally, during labor and delivery, heart-rate measurement and scalp sampling are used for ascertaining the baby's cardiovascular function.



SUCH TECHNIQUES AND EQUIPMENT, along with all-important counseling procedures at every stage along the way, have enabled physicians to take a truly scientific approach to childbirth—as an ongoing *process*—for the first time in history. When they have been able to function at their fullest, perinatologists have virtually eliminated maternal mortality and greatly reduced infant mortality and morbidity throughout the world. Yet the sad truth is that only a few hospitals in the United States possess the facilities and personnel to provide first-rate perinatal care. As a consequence, we are only fifteenth among the world's nations in perinatal mortality—well behind such countries as Sweden, France, and Japan. And the perinatal gap is just as evident among affluent patients as among the poor.

Why the lag? For one thing, the government has failed to exert the necessary leadership. For another, parents are, in general, ill informed about the possibilities offered by perinatology. As for the fetus-newborn, it has no voice in national affairs or even in its own. A baby cannot speak for itself, and few groups are sufficiently concerned to serve as its spokesmen. Ironically, the often highly organized "right to life" advocates are so intensively concentrated on opposing abortion that they have also been opposing the very kind of perinatal research aimed at saving the lives of the children they profess to represent. What they fail to appreciate is that the fetus which dies of "natural" causes is just as

(Continued on page 58.)

Saul Kent is an editor of Contemporary OB/GYN *magazine.*

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Linguistic Inanities

When I was in high school, an English teacher told me that "somebody else's" was incorrect and that I should say "somebody's else." I wanted to speak the language properly, and she was the best authority I had, so for a few years I said "somebody's else" instead of "somebody else's": "somebody's else jacket," "somebody's else girl friend," and so on. I finally backslid, on the grounds that "somebody's else," no matter how often I said it, sounded nonsensical. I'd never seen an else; how could an else be somebody's?

My teacher was correct at the time, but she didn't finish the lesson. *Webster's New International,* Second Edition (1953), says:

> When used with the prenominal expressions *anybody, everybody, someone,* etc., in the possessive construction, *else* takes the inflectional form of the possessive case, except that when the noun is not adjacent, the accompanying pronoun correctly, though now less frequently, takes the inflection; as, somebody *else's* hat; we do not know whose *else*; the hat can be nobody's *else.*

Today, "now less frequently" has become "now hardly ever," and almost nobody says "nobody's else."

I'm convinced that millions of people have been taught half-truths or downright absurdities by English teachers.

Years ago I was visiting friends. At one point, I said, "Sure, Sam, I'd love a cup of coffee." As he poured the coffee, he told me that "a cup of coffee" was bad English. Sam must have been in his fifties at the time, and some screwball English teacher of his youth had told him that "a cup of coffee" would be a cup made of coffee or a coffee-colored cup, just as a cup of gold is not a cup full of gold, but a cup made of gold or colored gold. If he meant a cup *full* of coffee, he should *say* a cup full of coffee.

I told Sam that his English teacher was full of malarkey and threw in something about "A book full of verses underneath the bough, a jug full of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou beside me. . . ."

It could have been faulty memory on Sam's part, but I doubt it. The English language evidently invites not only weird interpretations of existing rules but also the occasional dreaming up of fanciful rules, and there are pseudo-purists who demand strict adherence to rules that exist principally in their own minds. I once said, "People that say . . ." on television. Sure enough, NBC got a letter from a gentleman who said that anyone who says, "People that . . ." doesn't know much about the English language. While admitting that I prefer "people who" to "people that," I'll stand firm in support of both "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" and "The Girl That Married Dear Old Dad," and if Irving Berlin had written "The Girl Whom I Marry," no one would have sung it.

About a year ago I got a letter from a lady who, in the kindest way imaginable, took me to task for writing, "I don't think I've ever heard . . ." or something like that. "Please!" she wrote, "You *do* think!" She said she enjoyed *Light Refractions,* so I admire her taste and intelligence; but I'll bet that she'd once been the victim of an English teacher who told her that "I don't think so" is wrong and "I think not" is right. The fact is, of course, that "I don't think so" and "I think not" do not mean precisely the same thing, and *think* has many meanings, among them "suppose" and "believe."

From time to time, I hear from people who are terribly upset by "aren't I?" I maintain that "aren't I?" is perfectly okay and that any English teacher who says it's not is looking for trouble. I'd like to see *ain't* given legitimate status, but short of that, I'll take "aren't I?" over "amn't I?" which is plain ugly, and "am I not?" which is fine for oratory but is stilted in everyday speech.

Checking my opinion with Henry Fowler, I find myself in the best company imaginable. He says, in *Modern English Usage:*

> Though *I'm not* serves well enough in statements, there is no abbreviation but *a(i)n't I* for *am I not?* or *am not I?*; for the *amn't* of Scotland and Ireland is foreign to the Englishman. The shamefaced reluctance with which these full forms are often brought out betrays the speaker's sneaking fear that the colloquially respectable and indeed almost universal *aren't I* is "bad grammar" and that *ain't I* will convict him of low breeding.

Much of good English is a matter not just of the rules but of their common-sense application.

There are millions of people who have been alienated from this most beautiful language by English teachers who insist on such inanities as "cups full of coffee" and "am I not?"

It's a damned shame.

"Let me speak to computer operations."

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 27)
desire, eiders, reside.

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 37)
Patron: commonly a wretch who support with insolence, and is paid with flattery
Samuel Johnson

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Double-Crostic No. 53

by Thomas H. Middleton

	E	2	Y			3	F	4	T	5	N			6	S	7	O	8	W	9	K	10	X	11	C	12	Q	13	L	14	E		
5	V	16	B			17	C	18	Q	19	M	20	W	21	L	22	E	23	H	24	S			25	J	26	X			27	T	28	C
		29	N	30	Y	31	T	32	H	33	A			34	W	35	Q			36	L	37	A	38	F	39	B	40	P	41	W		
2	O	43	H	44	L	45	U	46	K	47	B	48	I	49	P	50	X	51	C			52	B	53	X	54	W	55	Q	56	N		
7	I	58	E	59	R	60	Q			61	D	62	T	63	J			64	Q	65	M	66	V	67	K	68	C			69	O	70	P
1	V			72	N	73	D	74	Q	75	W	76	M	77	B	78	O			79	R	80	E	81	T	82	N	83	S	84	X		
5	F	86	Y			87	N	88	S	89	R	90	C	91	H			92	U	93	H	94	Q	95	D	96	G	97	E			98	S
9	R	100	V			101	A	102	C	103	K	104	H	105	M	106	Q	107	I			108	G	109	I	110	W	111	L	112	A	113	X
14	C			115	U	116	N			117	W	118	D	119	I	120	C	121	G			122	Y	123	R			124	I	125	V	126	S
		127	U	128	A			129	V	130	D	131	C			132	I	133	U	134	F			135	T	136	A			137	A	138	E
39	C	140	Y	141	J			142	M	143	B	144	J	145	X	146	I	147	R	148	Y			149	P	150	J			151	W	152	G
53	B	154	Q	155	J	156	K	157	E	158	M	159	O			160	S	161	I			162	E	163	N	164	Q	165	W	166	F	167	C
38	A	169	O	170	P			171	V	172	L			173	B	174	U	175	N			176	R	177	A	178	G	179	U			180	E
31	J	182	Y			183	U	184	M	185	O			186	E	187	P	188	X	189	S	190	W	191	V	192	N	193	B	194	D		

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
Baleen, as for a corset stay	137 168 177 33 37 101 112 128 136
Surface regarded as the common boundary between two bodies or spaces	143 153 173 193 47 16 39 52 77
"As men here/Say it is ——, because they/See not all clear" (Vaughan, "The Night"; 3 wds.)	90 102 114 131 11 28 68 120 139 167 17 51
"The mother of —— in meadow or plain" (Swinburne, *Atalanta In Calydon*)	61 73 95 118 130 194
Extinct bird from the late Jurassic period	180 186 22 58 80 97 138 157 162 1 14
To crash-land (a plane) on water	134 166 3 38 85
English novelist (1823–1901; *The Heir of Redclyfee*)	121 152 178 96 108
Indian sword having a broad blade and disk-like pommel with a point	23 93 32 43 91 104
Superabound; overflow	107 109 119 124 146 161 48 57 132
Worldly; ordinary; unimaginative	144 155 181 141 25 63 150
Steve, Ethan, Gracie, or Fred	46 67 103 156 9
Full of small protuberances, as a grainy surface	13 21 36 44 111 172

CLUES	WORDS
M. "Stern death/Cut short his being, and —— at once!" says Beefeater (Sheridan, *The Critic*; 2 wds.)	184 142 158 19 65 76 105
N. Incident; event; happening	163 192 72 82 56 116 175 29 87 5
O. Strait connecting the Kattegat with the Baltic Sea	7 78 169 185 42 69 159
P. Crowded around noisily, as from curiosity or hostility	40 70 49 149 187 170
Q. Discharge of or from debt or obligation	55 64 154 164 12 35 60 94 74 106 18
R. American naturalist (1786–1859), pioneer in American paleontology	79 89 99 123 59 147 176
S. In 1192 he became the first shogun	24 189 83 98 126 88 6 160
T. Mother, by Apollo, of Dorus, Laodocus, and Polypoetes	31 4 81 135 27 62
U. Resembling a sea urchin	45 92 174 127 133 115 183 179
V. Eruption; sudden spell of activity, energy, etc.	15 66 71 171 125 191 100 129
W. Visually charming or quaint; strikingly effective in appearance	110 34 151 20 190 165 41 117 75 8 54
X. Languid	50 113 26 10 53 84 188 145
Y. City of Middlesex, north of London; rifle	30 2 148 122 86 140 182

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 52* appears on page 43.

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(**Perinatology:** *from page 55.*)
dead as a fetus deliberately aborted.

The best perinatal centers are always developing new and better perinatal techniques. For example, the research center at the Yale University School of Medicine has recently developed fetoscopy as a perhaps improved alternative to amniocentesis. In this procedure a long, thin needle-like device is inserted into the amniotic cavity in a manner that so far seems perfectly safe for mother and fetus. The fetoscope has a lens and a fiber-optic light source through which the doctor can view the uterine interior at a magnification of 30 times actual size.

FETOSCOPY CAN DIAGNOSE some disorders that amniocentesis cannot—and at an earlier stage. It may also very well lead to ways, already being worked out, of treating and even of curing some of these diseases right there in the womb. Fetal transfusions have frequently been carried out—and even fetal surgery (though, so far, only experimentally, in primates).

But follow-up studies after birth are necessary no matter how ingenious prenatal therapy becomes. As one neonatologist put it, "There is no way to be sure how we're doing unless we keep track of the child long enough to find out whether he can do long division in the third grade."

The perinatal approach is not, of course, inexpensive. One problem is that donations for hospitals and supporting programs must come, to a great extent, from older people, usually men, who are well past their reproductive years. These philanthropists do, of course, express the desire to make the world better for their children and grandchildren, but they seem primarily concerned with prolonging their own lives. A fund-raiser who asks a middle-aged man for money is more likely to get a generous contribution for a coronary intensive-care unit than for a fetal-monitoring system.

More than individual philanthropy is required, of course. For instance, one of the keys to first-rate perinatal care on a large scale is the effective use of elaborate computer systems. One of the most extensive research projects of this kind has been undertaken by UCLA's Harbor General Hospital. Another key to improved perinatology is regionalization—the bringing of all the new equipment and expertise to the people by establishing regional perinatal networks. The most noteworthy effort in this direction to date has been carried out by the University of Wisconsin. In its system each regional unit serves as a referral center for obstetricians and pediatricians in that local area.

Almost every new issue of almost every general medical publication, and certainly of the specialized journals in the field, carries some new item of interest, some new technique or advance, in the field of perinatology. What is important is not any specific one of these individual details—but rather the fact that this total approach, really a revolutionary way of looking at childbirth, has unobtrusively made its way into scientific medicine. It is vital that the public learn of the existence of perinatology, its possibilities, and the obstacles (more social and political than medical) that still stand in the way of its widespread application.

The need for regional perinatal centers was recognized by a 1971 American Medical Association (AMA) statement, which was endorsed by the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists (ACOG), the American Academy of Pediatrics (AAP), and the American Academy of Family Physicians (AAFP). Perhaps the greatest institutional force for positive change has been the emergence of the National Foundation-March of Dimes as a consumer advocate for improved perinatal health care. The National Foundation serves as a guiding and coordinating agency for a committee composed of representatives of the AMA, ACOG, AAP, and AAFP.

However, despite this new leadership and the good intentions of the professional societies and government agencies, effective perinatal medicine—in the face of its *known* capabilities—remains largely an unfulfilled dream in this wealthy and medically advanced nation. The medical profession itself must, of course, share some of the blame, because, despite the AMA's supportive *statements*, the profession still does tend to resist change and still does fail to provide leadership at either the national or the local level.

But we can't blame it all on the professionals. The apathy and ignorance of the general public remains the major obstacle. We have the power to make the changes if we have the will to do so—and until we exercise the necessary intelligence and energy for the task, thousands of Americans will continue to be deprived of the best health care where and when they need it most—at the very beginning of their lives. □

The Specter of "Progress"

XINGU: THE INDIANS, THEIR MYTHS
by Orlando and Claudio Villas Boas
Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 270 pp., $12.9

A QUESTION OF SURVIVAL
by Robin Hanbury-Tenison
Charles Scribner's Sons, 272 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Alan Anderson

To Brazilian Indians living along the mighty Xingu River, the Villa Boas brothers are men who give presents and medicines without asking anything in return; who come from a strange, pale-faced tribe, yet know how to walk silently in the forest; who seem to have great power, yet share everything with the Indians and never fight among themselves. To anthropologists, they are colleagues who are responsible for the 11,500-square-mile Xingu National Park, a unique jungle preserve in central Brazil holding fourteen tribes threatened with extinction; who have defended their park against prospectors, squatters, an unsympathetic government that wants to "integrate" the tribes with *civilizados* and foreign missionaries who would pressure the Indians to accept foreign gods; who have twice been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize for their efforts to protect the Indians. "It is stupid to try an integrate the Indian," says Claudio Villa Boas, "for the Indian is better than we are, knows how to live better than we do and has much more to teach us than we could ever teach him."

The brothers have been living communally with the Indians for nearly three decades. They have now assembled a book from their diaries, and their point is clearly expressed: "In our modest opinion, the true defense of the Indian is to respect him and to guarantee his existence according to his own values. Until we, the 'civilized' ones create the proper conditions among ourselves for the future integration of the Indians, any attempt to integrate them is the same as introducing a plan for the destruction. *We* are not sufficiently prepared."

In *A Question of Survival*, a lively journal of a whirlwind visit to many

Alan Anderson is a free-lance science writer who spent two years in Brazil.

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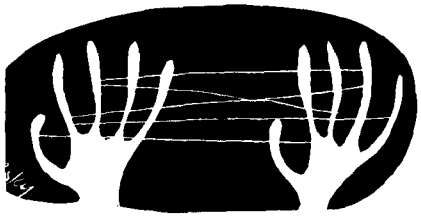
razil's Indian groups, British explorer obin Hanbury-Tenison records the ars of Claudio Villas Boas: "Into what rt of society could the Indian actu- ly integrate? Into the frontiersmen and rmers opening up the interior of Brazil? o! Into the *favelas* [slums] of Rio and io Paulo? They would come out even wer. Let us wait ten or twenty more ars until we have a society fit for the dians and ready to receive them."

Just in case Brazil is not willing to give e Indians ten or twenty years, and there every sign that it is not, the Villas Boas others have attempted in their book preserve what they can of Xingu cul- re. There is the awesome natural en- ronment ("the forest that extends in- finitely in all directions"), the beasts at share it with the Indians (jaguars, pir, wild pigs, deer, capybaras, otters, ld dogs, tayras, agoutis, coatis, sloths, ehensile-tailed porcupines, anteaters), d of course the mighty rivers.

The interaction of man and his envi- nment forms the heart of the book: irty-one Xingu myths describe an traordinary continuity among the ad, the living, and the supposedly in- imate. The first man creates the first man out of a shell and, when she has rne him sons, returns her to shelldom; man who desires flutes played by cer- n fish is told by an agouti (a large dent) what kind of wood to use—and en gives the imitations to the sun and moon as presents; the moon, discov- ng that his grandfather is hoarding ter in clay pots, accidentally creates world's rivers as he smashes all the ts in a fit of rage. Women have sexual ations with storks, jaguars, and, to adly effect, tapir.

The Xingu Indians ask the same ques- ns still being asked in "civilized" cir- s today: where did we come from, ere are we going, why does the camel ve a hump? The myths serve to pro- le appropriate answers to such ques- ns, and to define social, religious, and mmercial relationships among tribes. rom the myths of the Xingu," writes ford anthropologist Kenneth Brecher the foreword, "the Indians derive their terial culture and the precedents and



justification for their actions. They are the psychological basis, the common experience, the definitive kinship, and the higher authority of the Xingu culture."

That's all very well, you may say, but now that we have the myths, who needs the Indians? Should we feel a debt of gratitude for cocoa, peanuts, tomatoes, cashews, avocados, cocaine, aspirin, quinine, hallucinogenic drugs—all of which they helped develop? Surely we may learn more agricultural and pharmacological tricks from them. But perhaps we stand to gain most from studying their extraordinary social system. In an age of impersonal relationships, the warmth and generosity of the Indians seem to elude us. Robin Hanbury-Tenison recalls his moving introduction to a Yawalapiti village: "The friendly, relaxed atmosphere, and the complete lack of any pressure upon us to talk or take part in anything we did not wish to do, was such an unusual feeling that it took some time to get used to. It was the sort of atmosphere that I have seldom felt in the civilized world except with very close friends or at home with my own family."

DARCY RIBEIRO, Brazil's leading anthropologist, has said that the Indian must die because he cannot withstand civilization. Others would take Indian children from their villages and rear them in modern schools—a design that would quickly extinguish the flickering flame of Xingu culture. Indeed, the ruling military clique in Brasília, dominated by southern career officers with little interest in primitive peoples, seems bent upon smothering this flame in a frenzied drive to "develop" the Amazon. Fat tax incentives draw powerful cattle and mining interests, and a proliferating network of roadways "from nowhere to nowhere" encroach upon Indian lands from every point of the compass. Even the unique Xingu National Park was casually torn apart in 1971 when road planners decided that BR-80 should strike directly through the reserve. Now the road forms the northern boundary, lending easy illegal access to gun-packing poachers and squatters. "I am Brazilian and I love my country," said Claudio to Hanbury-Tenison at a village in the park. "I am not against progress, but my country's attitude is more underdeveloped than the country itself." Claudio now reports difficulty sleeping, kept awake by visions of bulldozers cutting huge brown scars through the forest, crawling closer and closer to the Indians he loves. □

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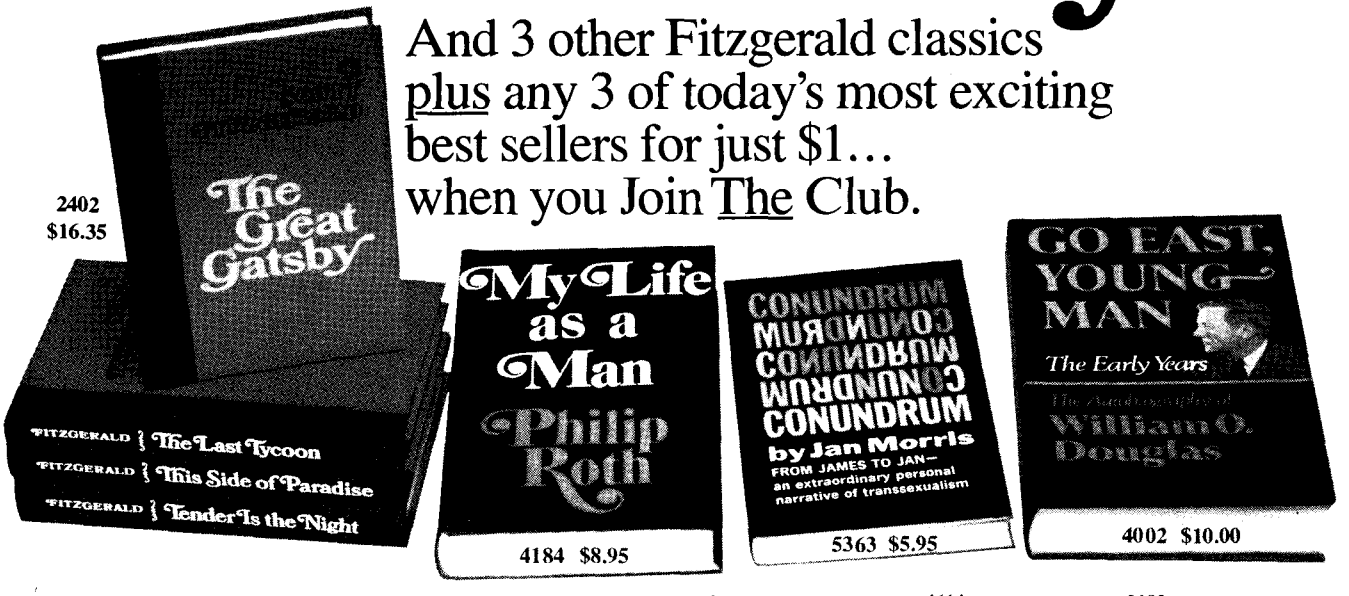

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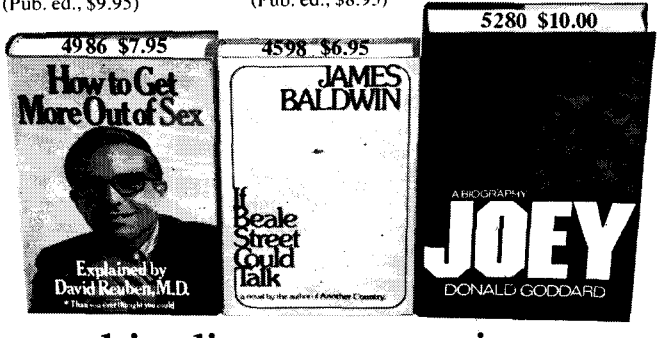

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EVE QUELER

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 37

PROFESSION: Conductor

HOBBIES: Playing the piano; attending concerts.

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